







SONGS OF THE SOUTH

“ But stay! What subtle notes are these
Borne on the fragrant Southern breeze
From out the palms?—strange witcheries

“ Of purest art to genius wed
Float sweetly, grandly overhead;
Most willingly our souls are led

“ Thro’ paths of fancy and delight,
Whereon the sunshine, streaming bright,
Seems mingled tenderness and might!

“ Oh, golden lays! no common lyre
Outpours those strains of love or ire,
All instinct with the sacred fire!”

PAUL H. HAYNE.

SONGS OF THE SOUTH

CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM SOUTHERN POETS
FROM COLONIAL TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
JENNIE THORNLEY CLARKE
GEORGIA NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

WITH AN APPENDIX OF BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

AND AN INTRODUCTION BY
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Bona, non multa



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NOTE TO *THIRD* EDITION.

My request for kindly criticism has not been made in vain, and I hereby return thanks and make corrections. As soon as the first edition of this collection was published, the biographer of Geo. D. Prentice wrote to me an apology for having led me into error by including "A Name in the Sand" among that poet's writings. Also, most convincing proof, too voluminous to be quoted here, has been given that "All Quiet Along the Potomac" and "The Long Ago" were not written by the persons to whom I had credited them. All three of these poems have therefore been omitted from this edition. A few merely verbal errors have also been corrected.

With thanks for the cordial reception given to this collection of native verse, and believing that public interest in Southern literature grows constantly deeper, I offer this revised edition to my country; and especially to my beloved and appreciative pupils, past and present.

JENNIE THORNLEY CLARKE

Greensboro College for Women, N. C.,

May 1, 1913



INTRODUCTION.

So far as the writer knows, this volume is the first of American anthologies devoted wholly to verses produced by Southern writers. There have been collections of the war poetry of the South, and there are others that deal with all forms of Southern literary talent ; but the following pages are given over entirely to selections from the writings of those who have made contributions to American verse.

Miss Clarke has made the collection with the industry and enthusiasm that are necessary to the success of such an undertaking, and her selections have been made with taste and judgment. She has had access to more than one private collection of verses by Southern writers, and has thus been able to embody here many lyrics that lived a brief and fugitive life in the newspapers of their time and were then forgotten.

As must be the case with all anthologies, special in their purpose and limited in their scope, much will be found in this volume that cannot, in the highest sense, be characterized as poetry. This is inevitable. If the intention of the editor had been to preserve verses only of the highest order of merit, a very small volume would contain all that has been produced in the New World since its discovery. A few—a very few—American authors have produced poetry that carries with it the promise of permanency,—the flavor that is fragrant generation after generation.

It is neither too early nor too late to say that whatever in our literature is distinctively Southern must, for that

very reason, be distinctively American. A healthy provinciality has its excuse in raciness, even if, on occasion, it should strike the note of prejudice. The atmosphere in which our people move is clearer now than it was a half-century ago. If some of us do not see differently, we see farther. Many threatening and obscuring vapors have been dissipated. Now, as always, people of the same race and blood, under pressure of different conditions and circumstances, develop different views and aims, but, in this day and time, the matter of environment is taken into account by wise men of every shade of belief: the result being that the supersensitiveness which marked the early progress of the people of all sections of the republic is tempered by that spirit of good humor which, spreading out from middle Georgia, has come to be recognized as a distinctively national trait.

In view of these changes and developments, it is safe to say that this collection of verses by Southern writers will meet with a cordial reception in all parts of the country. Some of the lyrics to be found in the volume have already taken their place as favorites in the public mind, and a great many that will be new to the reading public of to-day will be found to be more than worthy of the rescuing hand which Miss Clarke has held out to them.

Those who may feel disposed to criticise the collection as a whole should bear in mind the fact that the scheme of this anthology goes a little deeper than a mere purpose to present only those selections that touch the high-water-mark of minor verse. The student will find in it many of the suggestions that illuminate history,—especially the history of sociology,—and in this direction the least meritorious selection to be found has its proper place and use.

For the rest, the collection will stand for itself.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE verse-writers of the Southern States have not been few in number, but their work, published in small volumes and small editions, has not attracted the attention of collectors, and little of it is preserved in libraries. So little is to be found in the anthologies of Bryant, Whittier, Dana, and other American compilers, that its conspicuous absence first suggested to me the need for this compilation.

One volume would not contain all the specimens of Southern poetry that we wish to preserve, and I am aware of having omitted many as worthy of place here as some that are included ; but I hope not to have failed in my purpose,—to give representative poems of the best-known authors ; to preserve favorites, some of them anonymous, scattered through out-of-print books and periodicals ; to place all these within easy reach of a people too careless of their own poets.

The biographical notes are appended chiefly to vindicate my claim that these writers are Southerners, and they, therefore, contain little more than names and dates. As to Southerners by adoption, there is room for difference of opinion. The writings of Margaret J. Preston, Maurice Thompson, and Robert Burns Wilson afford internal evidence sufficient in their respective cases. I have accepted without question the classification of James Wood Davidson's "Living Writers of the South" (Carleton, 1869), and Miss Louise Manly's "Southern Literature" (B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, 1895), and in some cases I may have yielded to the temptation to give the South the

benefit of a doubt. Where authorship is disputed, I have given the poem without assuming to decide the question.

In all cases where I could ascertain that matter was copyrighted, I have asked permission to use it, and thanks are due to authors and publishers who have promptly and kindly consented that I should make extracts or copy portraits from their publications. Among them are Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, Frederick A. Stokes Co., Houghton, Mifflin & Co., D. Appleton & Co., Lothrop Publishing Co., J. B. Lippincott Co., Copeland & Day, Roberts Bros., and A. D. F. Randolph & Co. The portrait of Edgar Allan Poe is taken from Woodbury's "Life," by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In conclusion, I gladly and gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to many friends, known and unknown, whose prompt and generous aid has rendered this book far more satisfactory than I dared to hope when I began my labor of love. I pray them and others to continue that kindness by suggesting any improvements that may be made hereafter. As it is now, I commit it to lovers of Southern literature everywhere, hoping, in the words of Paul Hayne, that

"Not in empty air to die
Poet and song have passed us by,
With all their varied harmony."

JENNIE THORNLEY CLARKE.

GEORGIA NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE,
MILLEDGEVILLE, GA., July 17, 1896.

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SONGS OF THE SOUTH

RESIGNATION ; OR, DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

I.

DAYS of my youth,
Ye have glided away ;
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and gray ;
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more ;
Cheeks of my youth,
Ye are furrowed all o'er ;
Strength of my youth,
All your vigor is gone ;
Thoughts of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.

II.

Days of my youth,
I wish not your recall ;
Hairs of my youth,
I'm content ye should fall ;
Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen ;
Cheeks of my youth,
Bathed in tears have you been ;

SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

Thoughts of my youth,
 You have led me astray ;
 Strength of my youth,
 Why lament your decay ?

III.

Days of my age,
 Ye will shortly be past ;
 Pains of my age,
 Yet a while ye can last ;
 Joys of my age,
 In true wisdom delight ;
 Eyes of my age,
 Be religion your light ;
 Thoughts of my age,
 Dread ye not the cold sod ;
 Hopes of my age,
 Be ye fixed on your God.

SONG.

JOHN SHAW.

WHO has robb'd the ocean cave,
 To tinge thy lips with coral hue ?
 Who, from India's distant wave,
 For thee, those pearly treasures drew ?
 Who, from yonder orient sky,
 Stole the morning of thine eye ?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
 From sea, and earth, and air are torn ;
 Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
 On thy breath their fragrance borne.
 Guard thy bosom from the day,
 Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart ;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air—a heart ;
Fairest, wouldst thou perfect be,
Take, O take that heart from me !

THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER.

WILLIAM GASTON.

CAROLINA ! Carolina ! Heaven's blessings attend her !
While we live, we will cherish and love and defend her ;
Though the scorner may sneer at, and witlings defame
her,
Our hearts swell with gladness, whenever we name her.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the old North State forever !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the good old North State.

Though she envies not others their merited glory.
Say, whose name stands the foremost in Liberty's story !
Though too true to herself, e'er to crouch to oppression,
Who can yield to just rule more royal submission ?
Hurrah, etc.

Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open faster,
At the knock of the stranger, or the tale of disaster ?
How like to the rudeness of their dear native mountains,
With rich ore in their bosoms, and life in their fountains.
Hurrah, etc.

And her daughters, the queen of the forest resembling,
So graceful, so constant, yet to gentlest breath trembling,

And true lightwood, at heart, let the match be applied
 them,
How they kindle and flame, oh, none know but who've
 tried them !
Hurrah, etc.

Then let all who love us, love the land that we live in
(As happy a region as on this side of Heaven),
Where Plenty and Freedom, Love and Peace smile before
 us,
Raise aloud, raise together, the heart-thrilling chorus !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the old North State forever !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the good old North State.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALL hail ! thou noble land,
 Our fathers' native soil !
O stretch thy mighty hand,
 Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore ;
 For thou, with magic might,
 Canst reach to where the light
 Of Phœbus travels bright
 The world o'er !

The genius of our clime,
 From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime ;
 While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.

Then let the world combine,—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky-way, shall shine
Bright in fame !

Though ages long have pass'd
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravel'd seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains ?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ?
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun :
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
“ We are one ! ”

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

OH, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly stream-
ing?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night—that our flag was still there ;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam ;
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream ;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh ! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more ?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollu-
tion ;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh ! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation ;

Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

LIFE.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

IF life's pleasures cheer thee,
Give them not thy heart,
Lest the gifts ensnare thee
From thy God to part :
His praises speak, His favor seek,
Fix there thy hopes' foundation ;
Love him, and He shall ever be
The Rock of thy salvation.

If sorrow e'er befall thee,
Painful though it be,
Let not fear appall thee,
To thy Saviour flee :
He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,
And calm thy perturbation ;
The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow
The Rock of thy salvation.

Death shall never harm thee,
Shrink not from his blow,
For thy God shall arm thee,
And victory bestow :

For death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation ;
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

THE RIVER TALLULAH.

WILLIAM J. GRAYSON.

BEYOND Tallulah's giant den,
A mountain rent by Nature's throes,
Where roaring down the rocky glen,
The stormy torrent falls or flows ;
Its waters now a quiet stream,
Now plunging from the giddy steep,
Down rapids now they foam and gleam,
In gloomy pools unfathomed sleep ;
From the rent rock you gaze below,
The heart with awe and terror stirred,
You hardly see the torrent flow,
Its fearful voice is faintly heard ;
Half down, the hovering crow appears
A moving speck ; from rifted beams
Of granite grown, the pine, that rears
Its towering trunk, a sapling seems.

Turn from the din ; a calmer scene,
More soft and still, invites your sight ;
Beneath your feet, a sea of green
Fills the charmed heart with new delight ;
Down from the mountain-top you gaze ;
Far, deep below, the verdant maze
Of forest still unbroken lies ;
And farther yet, a line of blue
Catches at last the gazer's view,
The ocean seems to meet his eyes ;

With ecstasy beyond control
He sees, while Fancy's magic power
With witching influence rules the hour,
The surges break, the billows roll.

ODE TO EASE.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

I NEVER bent at glory's shrine,
To wealth I never bowed the knee,
Beauty has heard no vows of mine,
I love thee, Ease, and only thee.
Beloved of the gods and men,
Sister of joy and liberty,
When wilt thou visit me again,
In lonely wood or silent glen,
By falling stream or rocky den,
Like those where once I found thee, when,
Despite the ills of poverty,
And wisdom's warning prophecy,
I listened to thy siren voice,
And made thee mistress of my choice?

I chose thee, Ease ! and glory fled ;
For me no more her laurels spread,
Her golden crown shall never shed
Its beams of splendor round my head,
And when within the narrow bed,
To fame and memory ever dead,
My wretched corse is thrown,
No stately column, sculptur'd bust,
Nor urn that holds within its trust
The poor remains of mortal dust,
Nor monumental stone ;

Nor willow waving in the gale,
Nor feeble fence with whitened pale,
Nor rustic cross, memorial frail,
 Shall mark the grave I own.

No lofty deeds in armor wrought,
No hidden truths in science taught,
No undiscovered regions sought,
Nor classic page with learning fraught,
Nor eloquence, nor verse divine,
No daring speech, nor high design,
Nor patriotic act of mine,
On hist'ry's page shall ever shine ;
But to all future ages lost,
Not even a wreck, tradition tossed,
Of what I was when valued most
By the few friends whose love I boast,
In after years shall float to shore,
And serve to tell the name I bore.

I chose thee, Ease ! and wealth with ~~drew~~,
 Indignant at the choice I made,
And to her first resentment true,
 My scorn with tenfold scorn repaid ;
Now, noble palace, lofty dome,
Or cheerful, hospitable home,
 Are comforts I must never know ;
My enemies shall ne'er repine
At pomp or pageantry of mine,
Nor prove, by bowing at my shrine,
 Their souls are abject, base, and low.

No wondering crowd shall ever stand
With gazing eye and waving hand,
 To mark my train, and pomp, and show ;

And worst of all, I shall not live
To taste the pleasures wealth can give,
When used to soothe another's woe.
The peasants of my native land
Shall never praise my open hand ;

No wandering bard shall celebrate
His patron's hospitable gate ;
No war-worn soldier, shattered tar,
Nor exile driven from afar,
Nor helpless friend of former years,
Nor widow's prayers, nor orphan's tears,
Nor helpless age relieved from cares,
Nor innocence preserved from snares,
Nor homeless wanderer clothed and fed,
Nor slaves from bitter bondage led,
Nor youth to noble actions bred,
Shall call down blessings on my head.

I chose thee, Ease ! and yet the while,
So sweet was beauty's scornful smile,
So fraught with every lovely wile,
Yet seemingly so void of guile,
It did but heighten all her charms ;
And, Goddess, had I loved thee then
With but the common love of men,
My fickle heart had changed again
Even at the very moment when
I woo'd thee to my longing arms :
For never may I hope to meet
A smile so sweet, so heavenly sweet !

I chose thee, Ease ! and now for me
No heart shall ever fondly swell,
No voice of soothing melody
Awake the music-breathing shell ;

No tongue of rapturous harmony
Its love in faltering accents tell ;
Nor flushing cheek, nor languid eye,
Nor sportive smile, nor artless sigh,
Confess affection all as well.
No snowy bosom's fall and rise,
Shall e'er again enchant my eyes ;
No melting lips, profuse of bliss,
Shall ever greet me with a kiss ;
Nor balmy breath pour in mine ear
The trifles love delights to hear ;
But living, loveless, hopeless, I,
Unmournéd and unloved, must die.

I chose thee, Ease ! and yet to me,
Coy and ungrateful thou hast proved,
Though I have sacrificed to thee
Much that was worthy to be loved.
But come again, and I will yet
Thy past ingratitude forget.
Oh, come again ! Thy witching powers
Shall claim my solitary hours :
With thee to cheer me, heavenly queen,
And conscience clear, and health serene,
And friends and books to banish spleen,
My life should be as it had been,
A sweet variety of joys ;
And glory's crown and beauty's smile,
And treasured hoards should seem the while
The idlest of all human toys.

THE LAMENT OF THE CAPTIVE; OR, MY LIFE
IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scatter'd on the ground—to die !
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept such waste to see ;
But none shall weep a tear for me !

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away !
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade ;
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me !

My life is like the print which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand ;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand ;
Yet still, as grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea ;
But none shall e'er lament for me !

TO TIME,—THE OLD TRAVELLER.

WILLIAM H. TIMROD.

THEY slander thee, Old Traveller,
Who say that thy delight
Is to scatter ruin, far and wide,
In thy wantonness of might ;
For not a leaf that falleth
Before thy restless wings,
But in thy flight thou changest it
To a thousand brighter things.

Thou passest o'er the battle-field,
Where the dead lie stiff and stark ;
Where naught is heard save the vulture's scream,
And the gaunt wolf's famished bark ;
But thou hast caused the grain to spring
From the blood-enrichéd clay,
And the waving corn-tops seem to dance
To the rustic's merry lay.

Thou hast strewed the lordly palace
In ruins o'er the ground,
And the dismal screech of the owl is heard
Where the harp was wont to sound ;
But the self-same spot thou coverest
With the dwellings of the poor,
And a thousand happy hearts enjoy
What *one* usurped before !

'Tis true thy progress layeth
Full many a loved one low,
And for the brave and beautiful
Thou hast caused our tears to flow ;

But always near the couch of death
Nor thou, nor we can stay,
And the breath of thy departing wings
Dries all our tears away !

THE BOATMAN'S HORN.

WILLIAM O. BUTLER.

O BOATMAN ! wind that horn again,
For never did the listening air
Upon its ambient bosom bear
So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain !
What tho' thy notes are sad and few,
By every simple boatman blown,
Yet is each pulse to nature true,
And melody in every tone.
How oft in boyhood's joyous day,
Unmindful of the lapsing hours,
I've loitered on my homeward way
By wild Ohio's bank of flowers ;
While some lone boatman from the deck
Poured his soft numbers to the tide,
As if to charm from storm and wreck
The boat where all his fortunes ride.

Delighted, Nature drank the sound,
Enchanted, Echo bore it round,
In whispers soft and softer still,
From hill to plain and plain to hill,
Till e'en the thoughtless frolic boy,
Elate with hope and wild with joy,
Who gambolled by the river's side
And sported with the fretting tide,

Feels something new pervade his breast,
Change his light steps, repress his jest,
Bends o'er the flood his eager ear,
To catch the sounds far off, yet dear—
Drinks the sweet draught, but knows not why
The tear of rapture fills his eye.
And can he now, to manhood grown,
Tell why those notes, simple and lone,
As on the ravished ear they fell,
Bound every sense in magic spell?
There is a tide of feeling given
To all on earth—its fountain, heaven—
Beginning with the dewy flower
Just ope'd in Flora's vernal bower,
Rising creation's orders through,
With louder murmur, brighter hue.
'Tis sympathy. Its ebb and flow
Give life its hue, its joy, and woe.
Music, the spirit that can move
Its waves to war or lull to love,
Can cheer the sailor mid the wave,
And bid the warrior dare the grave,
Inspire the pilgrim on the road
And fire his soul to claim his God.

Then, boatman, wind that horn again;
Though much of sorrow mark its strain,
Yet are its notes to sorrow dear;
What tho' they wake fond memory's tear,
Tears are sad memory's sacred feast,
And rapture oft her chosen guest.

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA.

MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

OH, lend to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountains ;
And lend to me your cadences,
Oh, river of the mountains,
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet,—
The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star ;
The evening star how tender ;
The light of both is in her eyes,—
Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their sight,
They were too dazzling for the light,
And when she shuts them all is night,—
The daughter of Mendoza.

Oh, ever bright and beauteous one,
Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tone,
The rainbow in thy smiling.
And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell,—
Sweet daughter of Mendoza.

What though, perchance, we meet no more ;
What though too soon we sever ;
Thy form will float like emerald light
Before my vision ever.

For who can see and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too bright a star to set,
Fair daughter of Mendoza.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY FRANCIS L. HAWKS.

It was a blessed summer day :
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild ;
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children, who had hither strayed.

Just at an aged beech-tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined ;
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,—
A tree concealed me from their view ;
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long :
Say, do you see him in his joy ?
Is he as pretty as his song ?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see.

“The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there,—
How beautiful to one who sees !

“Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf’s shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

“So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas ! He has not given ;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven ?”

“No, dearest Edward, there all see :—
But why ask me a thing so odd ?”

“Oh, Mary, He’s so good to me,
I thought I’d like to look at God.”

Ere long, disease its hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild.
His widowed mother wept, and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on her face,
And said, “Oh, never weep for me :
I’m going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I God shall see.”

I SIGH FOR THE LAND OF THE CYPRESS AND PINE.

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON.

I SIGH for the land of the cypress and pine,
Where the jessamine blooms, and the gay woodbine ;
Where the moss droops low from the green oak-tree,—
Oh, that sun-bright land is the land for me !

The snowy flower of the orange there
Sheds its sweet fragrance through the air ;
And the Indian rose delights to twine
Its branches with the laughing vine.

There the deer leaps light through the open glade,
Or hides him far in the forest shade,
When the woods resound in the dewy morn
With the clang of the merry hunter's horn.

There the humming-bird, of rainbow plume,
Hangs over the scarlet creeper's bloom ;
While 'midst the leaves his varying dyes
Sparkle like half-seen fairy eyes.

There the echoes ring through the livelong day
With the mock-bird's changeful roundelay ;
And at night, when the scene is calm and still,
With the moan of the plaintive whip-poor-will.

Oh ! I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,
Of the laurel, the rose, and the gay woodbine ;
Where the long, gray moss decks the rugged oak-tree,—
That sun-bright land is the land for me.

A HEALTH.

EDWARD C. PINCKNEY.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon ;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds ;
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words ;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burden'd bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours ;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers ;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts,
A sound must long remain ;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill'd this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health ! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

SONG.

EDWARD C. PINCKNEY.

WE break the glass, whose sacred wine,
To some beloved health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane ;
And thus I broke a heart that pour'd
Its tide of feelings out for thee
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old, impassion'd ways
And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
Thine image chamber'd in my brain,
And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers
And airy gems,—thy words.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark ! on the winds
The bells' deep tones are swelling. 'Tis the knell
Of the departed year.

No funeral train
Is sweeping past ; yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud ; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh ; and on yon cloud,

That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks—and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,

Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
 The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came,
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve ;
 Yet ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 —In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time !

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe !—what power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity ? On, still on
 He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar
 Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
 The fury of the northern hurricane
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
 Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
 To rest upon his mountain-crag. But Time
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
 And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
 His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
 O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
 Of dreaming sorrow ; cities rise and sink,
 Like bubbles on the water ; fiery isles
 Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
 To their mysterious caverns ; mountains rear
 To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
 Their tall heads to the plain ; new empires rise,
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
 And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
 Startling the nations ; and the very stars,
 Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
 Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
 And like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
 To darkle in the trackless void : yet Time,
Time the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,

Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

THE GRAPEVINE SWING.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

LITHE and long as the serpent train,
Springing and clinging from tree to tree,
Now darting upward, now down again,
With a twist and a twirl that are strange to see:
Never took serpent a deadlier hold,
Never the cougar a wilder spring,
Strangling the oak with the boa's fold,
Spanning the beech with the condor's wing.

Yet no foe that we fear to seek —
The boy leaps wild to thy rude embrace;
Thy bulging arms bear as soft a cheek
As ever on lover's breast found place:
On thy waving train is a playful hold
Thou shalt never to lighter grasp persuade;
While a maiden sits in thy drooping fold,
And swings and sings in the noonday shade!

O! giant strange of our Southern woods,
I dream of thee still in the well-known spot,
Though our vessel strain o'er the ocean floods,
And the Northern forest beholds thee not;
I think of thee still with a sweet regret,
As the cordage yields to my playful grasp —
Dost thou spring and cling in our woodlands yet?
Does the maiden still swing in thy giant clasp?

MARION,—“THE SWAMP FOX.”

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

WE follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we ;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress-tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day and shun its light,
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress,
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press,—
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand,—
And we are Marion's men, you see.

Now light the fire and cook the meal,
The last perhaps that we shall taste ;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.

He whistles to the scouts, and hark !
You hear his order calm and low.
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em, should they find the strife !
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life ;
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then, not till then, they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire and lie at ease,
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the colonel bend his knee,
To take his slumbers too. But hush !
He's praying, comrades ; 'tis not strange ;
The man that's fighting day by day
May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoe-cake, boys, and hand
The sly and silent jug that's there ;
I love not it should idly stand
When Marion's men have need of cheer.
'Tis seldom that our luck affords
A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
And dry potatoes on our boards
May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log ;
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
Must never think of softer bed.

The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the flashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

What ! 'tis the signal ! start so soon ;
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, Heaven help us ! half asleep !
But courage, comrades ! Marion leads,
The Swamp Fox takes us out to-night ;
So clear your swords and spur your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress-tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den ;
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

“BRING BACK MY FLOWERS.”

R. M. CHARLTON.

A CHILD sat by a limpid stream
And gazed upon the tide beneath ;
Upon her cheek was joy's bright beam,
And on her brow a blooming wreath.
Her lap was filled with blushing flowers,
And as the clear brook babbled by,

She scattered down the rosy showers
With many a wild and joyous cry,
And laughed to see the mingling tide
Upon its onward progress glide.

And time flew on, and flower by flower
Was cast upon the sunny stream ;
But when the shades of eve did low'r,
She woke up from her blissful dream.
“ Bring back my flowers,” she wildly cried,
“ Bring back my flowers I flung to thee !”
But echo's voice alone replied,
As danced the streamlet down the lea :
And still amid night's gloomy hours
In vain she cried, “ Bring back my flowers !”

Oh, maiden ! who on time's swift stream
Dost daily see thy moments flee,
In this poor child's delusive dream
An emblem thou may'st find of thee.
Each moment is a perfumed rose,
Into thy hand by mercy given,
That thou its fragrance might dispose,
And let its incense rise to heaven ;
Else, when death's shadow o'er thee lowers,
Thy heart will wail, “ Bring back my flowers !”

THE BELLS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells !
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,—
Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon !
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
How it swells !
How it dwells

On the future ! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells,—
Brazen bells !
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright !
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair !
How they clang, and clash, and roar !
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air !
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows ;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
 Of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells,—
 Iron bells !
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone :
 They are neither man nor woman,—
 They are neither brute nor human,—
 They are Ghouls ;
 And their king it is who tolls,—
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls a pæan from the bells !
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells,
 And he dances, and he yells ;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,—
Of the bells :
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In the happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and
weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,—rapping at my chamber
door.
“ ’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “ tapping at my chamber
door,—
Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the
floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had sought to
borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for the lost
Lenore,—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named
Lenore,—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me—with fantastic terrors never felt
before ;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood re-
peating,

“ ’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door.

This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger : hesitating then no
longer,

“ Sir,” said I, “ or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore ;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rap-
ping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber
door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you.” Here I opened wide
the door.

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, won-
dering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream
before.

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no
token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
“Lenore!”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
“Lenore!”

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than
before.

“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my win-
dow lattice :

Let me see, then, what thereat is and this mystery ex-
plore,—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery ex-
plore :

’Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and
flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of
yore.

Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or
stayed he,

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber
door,—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door,—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said,
“are sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the
nightly shore.

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian
shore !"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly.

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber
door,—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber
door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke
only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-
pour.

Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather then he
fluttered,—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have
flown before !

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have
flown before !"

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
store,

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden
bore,—

Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never,—nevermore !' "

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and
bust and door ;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore

Meant in croaking " Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
core :

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease re-
clining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated
o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating
o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted
floor.

" Wretch !" I cried, " thy God hath lent thee—by these
angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore !

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost
Lenore !"

Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

" Prophet !" cried I, " thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird
or devil !—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted,—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead? Tell me!—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore!—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting;

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor ;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore !

ISRAFEL.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

IN Heaven a spirit doth dwell

“ Whose heartstrings are a lute.”

None sing so wildly well

As the angel Israfel,

And the giddy stars (so legends tell),

Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell

Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above,

In her highest noon,

The enamoured moon

Blushes with love,—

While, to listen, the red levin

(With the rapid Pleiades, even,

Which were seven),

Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir

And the other listening things)

That Israfeli's fire

Is owing to that lyre

By which he sits and sings,—

* “ And the angel Israfel, whose heartstrings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.”—*Koran*.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,—
Where Love's a grown-up God,—
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song :
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest !
Merrily live, and long !

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute.

Yes, Heaven is thine ; but this
Is a world of sweets and sour ;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,—
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

IN the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there !
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair !

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene !)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,

A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn !—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate !)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly, rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh,—but smile no more.

ANNABEL LEE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee ;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea :
But we loved with a love that was more than love,—
I and my Annabel Lee ;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of a cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,—
Of many far wiser than we ;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EVERY YEAR.

ALBERT PIKE.

THE spring has less of brightness,
Every year ;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,
Every year.
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor does autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did ; for they sicken,
Every year.

Life is a count of losses,
Every year ;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
Every year ;
Lost springs with sobs replying,
Unto weary autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year ;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year ;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
 Every year ;
The nights have more of sadness,
 Every year.
Fair springs no longer charm us,
The wind and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
 Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
 Every year ;
Dark days and darker morrows,
 Every year ;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
 Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
 Every year ;
Of the charms of friendship ended,
 Every year ;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time and death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me,
 Every year.

Our life is less worth living,
 Every year ;
And briefer our thanksgiving,
 Every year ;
And love, grown faint and fretful.
With lips but half regretful,
Averts its eyes, forgetful,
 Every year.

Ah ! how sad to look before us,
Every year ;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,
Every year ;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year !

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year ;
And the loved leave vacant places,
Every year ;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

" You are growing old," they tell us,
" Every year."
" You are more alone," they tell us,
" Every year."
" You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Too true ! Life's shores are shifting,
Every year ;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year ;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
 Every year ;
And its morning-star climbs higher,
 Every year ;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
 Every year.

Thank God ! no clouds are shifting,
 Every year ;
O'er the land to which we're drifting,
 Every year ;
No losses there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us,
 Every year.

DIXIE.

ALBERT PIKE.

I.

SOUTHRONS, hear your country call you !
Up ! lest worse than death befall you !
 To arms ! to arms ! to arms ! in Dixie !
Lo ! the beacon-fires are lighted,
Let all hearts be now united !
 To arms ! to arms ! to arms ! in Dixie !
 Advance the flag of Dixie !
 Hurrah ! hurrah !
For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
 To live or die for Dixie !

To arms ! to arms !
And conquer peace for Dixie !
To arms ! to arms !
And conquer peace for Dixie !

II.

Hear the Northern thunders mutter !
Northern flags in South winds flutter !
To arms ! etc.
Send them back your fierce defiance !
Stamp upon the accursed alliance !
To arms ! etc.
Advance the flag of Dixie ! etc.

III.

Fear no danger ! shun no labor !
Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre !
To arms ! etc.
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder !
Let the odds make each heart bolder !
To arms ! etc.
Advance the flag of Dixie ! etc.

IV.

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannon's ringing voices !
To arms ! etc.
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrong inflicted, insults spoken.
To arms ! etc.
Advance the flag of Dixie ! etc.

V.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles !
To arms ! etc.

Cut the unequal bonds asunder !
Let them hence each other plunder !
To arms ! etc.
Advance the flag of Dixie ! etc.

VI.

Swear upon your Country's altar
Never to submit or falter ;
To arms ! etc.
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.
To arms ! etc.
Advance the flag of Dixie ! etc.

VII.

Halt not till our federation
Secures among earth's Powers its station !
To arms ! etc.
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story !
To arms ! etc.
Advance the flag of Dixie ! etc.

VIII.

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness ;
To arms ! etc.
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow ;
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
To arms ! etc.
Advance the flag of Dixie ! etc.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As a tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boasts of human might,
And the pride of human power !

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze ;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil that he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar ;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! they found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength !

Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change,
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind nor tide !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the waters o'er,
The mountain's steep decline :
Time—space—have yielded to my power :
The world, the world is mine !
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales wherever I sweep
To hear my strength rejoice,
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth of the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind ;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day ;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade ;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made ;

I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I put in print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no brains to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf,
And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns the chain.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF OLD
BLANDFORD CHURCH, PETERSBURG,
VIRGINIA.

ELIZA L. HENING.

THOU art crumbling to the dust, old pile,
Thou art hastening to thy fall ;
And 'round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the ivy to thy wall ;
The worshippers are scattered now
Who knelt before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,
Where oft in years gone by
Prayer rose from many hearts to Him,
The Highest of the High ;

The tread of many a noiseless foot
That sought thy aisles is o'er,
And many a weary heart around
Is still for evermore.

How doth ambition's hope take wing !
How droops the spirit now !
We hear the distant city's din ;
The dead are mute below.
The sun that shone upon their paths
Now gilds their lonely graves ;
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows
The grass above them waves.

Oh, could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain,—
Who've careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again !
How would our very hearts be stirred
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The lights of other days.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

I SAW the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array ;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay :
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchor'd her hopes to this perishing earth
By the chain which her tenderness wove.

But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been sever'd in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe !
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And He strengthen'd the chain He had broken in twain,
And fasten'd it firm to the skies !
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God,
" I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod.*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kiss'd the soft lips as they murmur'd her name
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh, sweet as a rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seem'd
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told !
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart
And taken her treasure away ;
To allure her to Heaven He has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God,
" I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod !*"

I saw the fond brother, with glances of love,
Gazing down on a gentle young girl,
And she hung on his arm, and breath'd soft in his ear,
As he played with each graceful curl.
Oh, he loved the sweet tones of her silvery voice,
Let her use it in sadness or glee ;

And he twined his strong arms round her delicate form
As she sat in the eve on his knee.
But I saw when he gazed on her death-stricken face,
And she breath'd not a word in his ear ;
And he clasped his fond arms round an icy-cold form
And he moisten'd her cheek with a tear.
But the Healer was there, and He said to him thus,
" Grieve not for thy sister's short life,"
And He gave to his arms still another fair girl,
And he made her his own cherish'd wife !
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of his God,
" I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod !*"

I saw too a father and mother who lean'd
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze
As they saw the proud place he had won ;
And the fast-coming evening of life promis'd fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the starlight of love glimmer'd bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again, bending low o'er the grave
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and His arms were around,
And He led them with tenderest care ;
And He showed them a star in the bright upper world,
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there !
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of **their**
God,
" I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod !*"

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

ROBERT JOSSELYN.

SHE is modest but not bashful,
Free and easy but not bold,
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old.
Half inviting, half repulsing,
Now advancing, and now shy ;
There is mischief in her dimple,—
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She is schooled in all her arts,
She has taken her diploma
As the Mistress of all Hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile,—
Oh, a maid is often charming,
But a widow all the while !

Are you sad ? How very serious
Will her smiling face become !
Are you angry ? She is wretched,
Drooping, sighing, tearful, dumb.
Are you mirthful ? How her laughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out !—
She can lure, and catch, and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty !
Who have grown so bald and wise,—
Young Americans of twenty !
With the love-locks in your eyes,—

You may practise all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who can win and fool you all !

'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE.

FREDERICK WILLIAM THOMAS.

'Tis said that absence conquers love ;
But, oh, believe it not !
I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear,
As fixed in this devoted heart,
As when I clasped thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name ;
And yet, as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same.
And when the wine-cup passes round,
I toast some other fair ;
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove.
In vain ! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot ;
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favorite bower to die,
So, lady, I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.
'Tis said that absence conquers love ;
But, oh ! believe it not.
I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

BALAKLAVA.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.

I.

O THE charge at Balaklava !
O that rash and fatal charge !
Never was a fiercer, braver,
Than that charge at Balaklava,
On the battle's bloody marge !
All the day the Russian columns,
Fortress huge, and blazing banks,
Poured their dread destructive volumes
On the French and English ranks,—
On the gallant allied ranks !
Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
By the loud, incessant thunder !
When a strange but stern command—
Needless, heedless, rash command—
Came to Lucan's little band,—
Scarce six hundred men and horses
Of those vast contending forces :—
“ England's lost unless you save her !
Charge the pass at Balaklava ! ”
O that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge !
Far away the Russian eagles
Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,

And their hordes, like howling beagles,
Dense and countless, 'round them yell !
Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,
Sweep the field in every quarter !
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Trembled so the Chersonesus !
Here behold the Gallic lilies—
Stout St. Louis' golden lilies—
Float as erst at old Ramillies !
And beside them, lo ! the Lion !
With her trophied cross, is flying !
Glorious standards !—shall they waver
On the field of Balaklava ?
No, by heavens ! At that command—
Sudden, rash, but stern command—
Charges Lucan's little band !
Brave six hundred ! lo ! they charge,
On the battle's bloody marge !

II.

Down yon deep and skirted valley,
Where the crowded cannon play,—
Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,
Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli,—
Down the gorge they swept away !
Down that new Thermopylæ,
Flashing swords and helmets see !
Underneath the iron shower,
To the brazen cannon's jaws !
Heedless of their deadly power,
Press they without fear or pause,—
To the very cannon's jaws !
Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland
At the field of Roncesvalles,
Dashes down the fatal valley.

Dashes on the bolt of death,
Shouting with his latest breath,
"Charge, then, gallants ! do not waver,
Charge the pass at Balaklava !"
O that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge !

III.

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder
Rend that little band asunder,
Steed and rider wildly screaming,
Screaming wildly, sink away ;
Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,
Now but lifeless clods of clay,—
Now but bleeding clods of clay !
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Saw such sight the Chersonesus !
Yet your remnant, brave six hundred,
Presses onward, onward, onward,
Till they storm the bloody pass,—
Till, like brave Leonidas,
They storm the deadly pass,
Sabring Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli ;
In that wild shot-rended valley,—
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,
Awful pass at Balaklava !
O that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge !

IV.

For now Russia's rallied forces,
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,
Trampling o'er the reeking corpses,
Drive the thinned assailants back,
Drive the feeble remnant back,
O'er their late heroic track !

Vain, alas ! now rent and sundered,
Vain your struggles, brave two hundred !
Thrice your number lie asleep,
In that valley dark and deep ;
Weak and wounded you retire
From that hurricane of fire,—
That tempestuous storm of fire,—
But no soldiers, firmer, braver,
Ever trod the field of fame,
Than the Knights of Balaklava,—
Honor to each hero's name !
Yet their country long shall mourn
For her ranks so rashly shorn,—
Gallantly, but madly shorn
In that fierce and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.

FROM the vale, what music ringing
Fills the bosom of the night,
On the sense, entrancèd, flinging
Spells of witchery and delight !
O'er magnolia, lime, and cedar,
From yon locust-top, it swells
Like the chant of serenader
Or the chimes of silver bells !
Listen ! dearest, listen to it !
Sweeter sounds were never heard !
'Tis the song of that wild poet,—
Mime and minstrel,—mocking-bird.

See him, swinging in his glory,
On yon topmost bending limb !
Carolling his amorous story,
Like some wild crusader's hymn.
Now it faints in tones delicious
As the first low vow of love !
Now it bursts in swells capricious
All the moonlit vale above !
Listen ! dearest, etc.

Why is't thus, this sylvan Petrarch
Pours all night his serenade ?
'Tis for some proud woodland Laura
His sad sonnets all are made !
But he changes now his measure,—
Gladness bubbling from his mouth,—
Jest and gibe, and mimic pleasure,
Winged Anacreon of the South !
Listen ! dearest, etc.

Bird of music, wit, and gladness,
Troubadour of sunny climes,
Disenchanter of all sadness,—
Would thine art were in my rhymes !
O'er the heart that's beating by me
I would weave a spell divine ;
Is there aught she could deny me
Drinking in such strains as thine ?
Listen ! dearest, etc.

FLORENCE VANE.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

I HAVE loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane ;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again ;
I renew in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst mark my story,
At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime ;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme ;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder !
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under,—
Alas the day !

And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep.
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane.

I HAVE SEEN THIS PLACE BEFORE.

CATHERINE ANNE WARFIELD.

I HAVE seen this place before,—
'Tis a strange, mysterious truth ;
Yet my foot hath never pressed this shore,
In childhood or in youth ;
I know these ruins gray,
I know these cloisters dim,—
My soul hath been in these walls away
When slumber chains each limb.

In a dream, a midnight dream,
I have stood upon this heath,
With this blue and winding stream,
And the lonely vale beneath ;
The same dark sky was there,
With its bleak shade on my brow,
The same deep feeling of despair
That clings about me now.

Friend, 'tis a fearful spell
 That binds these ruins gray ;
 Why came my spirit here to dwell
 When my frame was far away ?
 Can the wild and soaring soul
 Go out on its eagle sweep,
 And traverse earth without control,
 While the frame is wrapt in sleep ?

Hath memory caught a gleam
 From a life whose term is o'er,
 And borne it back in that mystic dream,—
 Say, have I lived before ?
 Or was prophetic power
 To that midnight vision lent ?
 Is my fate bound up in this ruined tower ?
 Speak ! thou art eloquent.

THE WIFE.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

I COULD have stemmed misfortune's tide,
 And borne the rich one's sneer,
 Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
 Nor shed a single tear ;
 I could have smiled on every blow
 From life's full quiver thrown,
 While I might gaze on thee, and know
 I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brooked,
 E'en for a time, that thou
 Upon my fading face hadst looked
 With less of love than now ;

For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see from day to day
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slow, and meek ;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel I'll be "alone ;"

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As filled with heavenward trust, they say,
Earth may not claim thee longer.
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much,—this heart
Must break when thou art gone ;
It must not be ; we may not part ;
I could not live "alone."

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

EDWARD YOUNG.

UNDER the violets, blue and sweet,
Where low the willow droops and weeps,
Where children tread with timid feet,
When twilight o'er the forest creeps,
She sleeps,—my little darling sleeps.

Breathe low and soft, O wind ! breathe low
Where so much loveliness is laid !
Pour out thy heart in strains of woe,

O bird ! that in the willows' shade
Sing' st till the stars do pale and fade.

It may be that to other eyes,
As in the happy days of old,
The sun doth every morning rise
O'er mountain summits tipped with gold,
And set where sapphire seas are rolled ;

But I am so hedged round with woe,
This glory I no more can see.
O weary heart, that throbbest so,
Thou hast but this one wish,—to be
A little dust beneath the tree.

I would thou hadst thy wish to-day,
And we were lying side by side
With her who took our life away
That heavy day whereon she died,
O grave ! I would thy gates were wide.

THE RAINBOW.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

I SOMETIMES have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June ;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean ! how gentle its swell !
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell ;
While its light, sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel, that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings !
How boundless its circle ! how radiant its rings !
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air ;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there ;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow, that circled my soul.
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment uncloze
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by ;
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain ;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave ;
Yet oh ! when death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

FROM "MUSINGS."

AMELIA B. WELBY.

THE twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free ;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea :
For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaped into the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

ON SEEING AN INFANT SLEEPING UPON ITS
MOTHER'S BOSOM.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

IT lay upon its mother's breast, a thing
Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends,
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing
Where every tint of rainbow-beauty blends ;
It had soft violet eyes, that, 'neath each lid
Half closed upon them, like bright waters shone,
While its small dimpled hands were slyly hid
In the warm bosom that it nestled on.

There was a beam in that young mother's eye,
Lit by the feelings that she could not speak,
As from her lips a plaintive lullaby
Stirred the bright tresses on her infant's cheek,
While now and then with melting heart she press'd
Soft kisses o'er its red and smiling lips,—
Lips, sweet as rose-buds in fresh beauty dress'd
Ere the young murmuring bee their honey sips.

It was a fragrant eve ; the sky was full
Of burning stars, that tremulously clear
Shone on those lovely ones, while the low lull
Of falling waters fell upon the ear ;
And the new moon, like a pure shell of pearl
Encircled by the blue waves of the deep,
Lay 'mid the fleecy clouds that love to curl
Around the stars when they their vigils keep.

My heart grew softer as I gazed upon
That youthful mother as she soothed to rest
With a low song her loved and cherished one,—
The bud of promise on her gentle breast ;
For 'tis a sight that angel ones above
May stoop to gaze on from their bowers of bliss,
When Innocence upon the breast of Love
Is cradled, in a sinful world like this.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THEODORE O'HARA.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo ;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few :

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with hallowed round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind ;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind ;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms ;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust ;
Their plumèd heads are bowed ;
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud :
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past ;
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps the broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe ;

Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was, victory or death.

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain ;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide ;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved band
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory, too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain ;
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air !

Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave ;
She claims from war his richest spoil,—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field ;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield ;
The sunlight of their native sky
Shines sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
Dear as the blood ye gave ;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave !
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell ;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THE RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA.

HENRY R. JACKSON.

THE red old hills of Georgia !
So bold and bare and bleak,
Their memory fills my spirit
With thoughts I cannot speak.
They have no robe of verdure,
Stript naked to the blast ;
And yet of all the varied earth
I love them best at last.

The red old hills of Georgia !
My heart is on them now ;
Where, fed from golden streamlets,
Oconee's waters flow !
I love them with devotion,
Though washed so bleak and bare ;—
How can my spirit e'er forget
The warm hearts dwelling there ?

I love them for the living,—
The generous, kind, and gay ;
And for the dead who slumber
Within their breast of clay.
I love them for the bounty
Which cheers the social hearth ;
I love them for their rosy girls,
The fairest on the earth.

The red old hills of Georgia !
Where, where, upon the face
Of earth is freedom's spirit
More bright in any race ?—

In Switzerland and Scotland
Each patriot breast it fills,
But sure it blazes brighter yet
Among our Georgia hills !

And where, upon their surface,
Is heart to feeling dead ?—
And when has needy stranger
Gone from those hills unfed ?
There bravery and kindness
For aye go hand in hand,
Upon your washed and naked hills,
“ My own, my native land ! ”

The red old hills of Georgia !
I never can forget ;
Amid life's joys and sorrows,
My heart is on them yet ;—
And when my course is ended,
When life her web has wove,
Oh ! may I then, beneath those hills,
Lie close to them I love !

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

HENRY R. JACKSON.

THE tattoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies ;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, darling one,
Whose love my early life hath blest,—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest !

And hover gently, hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet,—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now while she kneels before thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That, while by thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies !

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain ;
That only by Thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain ;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast,
No frowning look or angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest !

Whatever fate these forms may show
Loved with a passion almost wild,
By day, by night, in joy or woe,
By fears oppressed or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
Oh, God, protect my wife and child !

A NOVEMBER NOCTURNE.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE autumn air sweeps faint and chill
Across the maple-crested hill;
And on my ear
Falls, tingling clear,
A strange, mysterious, woodland thrill.

From utmost twig, from scarlet crown
Untouched with yet a tint of brown,
Reluctant, slow,
As loath to go,
The loosened leaves come wavering down.

And not a hectic trembler there,
In its decadence, doomed to share
The fate of all, —
But in its fall
Flings something sob-like on the air.

No drift or dream of passing bell,
Dying afar in twilight dell,
Hath any heard,
Whose chimes have stirred
More yearning pathos of farewell.

A silent shiver as of pain,
Goes quivering through each sapless vein;
And there are moans,
Whose undertones
Are sad as midnight autumn rain.

Ah, if without its dirge-like sigh,
No lightest, clinging leaf can die, —
Let him who saith
Decay and death
Should bring no heart-break, tell me why.

Each graveyard gives the answer: there
I read *Resurgam* everywhere,
So easy said
Above the dead
So weak to anodyne despair.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

FRANK O. TICKNOR, M.D.

THE knightliest of the knightly race .
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold ;
The kindest of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas ;

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose ;

Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept !—the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil-fires ;
But, aye, the "Golden Horseshoe" knights
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep !

LITTLE GIFFEN.

FRANK O. TICKNOR, M.D.

OUT of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire ;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen !),
Spectre ! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee !

"Take him and welcome !" the surgeons said ;
Little the doctor can help the dead !
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air ;
And laid him down on a wholesome bed,—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head !

And we watched the war with 'bated breath,—
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such ?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch ;

And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more ! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
Dear mother, at first, of course ; and then
Dear captain, inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer : " Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day ;
Johnson pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away ;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
" I'll write, if spared !" There was news of the fight ;
But none of Giffen.—He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For " Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure ;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted ;

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender ;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with " Yanks,"
And one was gray with " Rebels."

Then all was still ; and then the band
With movement light and tricky
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with " Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles,—
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot ;
No shout upon the evening rang,—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles :
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels :

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him,
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,—
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of nature.

CARCASSONNE.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

(From the French of Gustav Nadaud.)

“ I'M growing old. I've sixty years ;
I've labored all my life in vain :
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know,—
I never have seen Carcassonne.
I never have seen Carcassonne !

“ You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more !
Ah ! had the vintage plenteous grown !
The grape withheld its yellow store :—
I shall not look on Carcassonne.
I shall not look on Carcassonne !

“ They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay ;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,—
A bishop and two generals !
I do not know fair Carcassonne.
I do not know fair Carcassonne !

“ The vicar's right : he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind ;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind ;
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah, me ! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne.
When I had looked on Carcassonne !

“ Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer, if I offend ;
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have travelled even to Narbonne ;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne.
And I have not seen Carcassonne !”

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
“ Rise up, my friend,” said I ; “ with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage.”

We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him !) half-way on,
The old man died upon the road :
 He never gazed on Carcassonne.
 Each mortal has his Carcassonne !

PATRIOTISM.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

WHOE'ER has stood upon the Rigi's height
And watched the sunset fading into night,
While every moment some new star was born
From the bold Eijar to the Wetterhorn,
Has seen, as steadily the airy tide
Of darkness deepened up the mountain-side,
The glowing summits, slowly, one by one,
Lose the soft crimson splendor of the sun
(Like altar lights in some cathedral dim
Extinguished singly with the dying hymn)
Till the last flush would lovingly repose
Upon the Jungfrau's purple waste of snows.
Thus, O my country ! when primeval gloom
Shall over earth its ancient reign resume ;
When Night Eternal shall its march begin
O'er the round world and all that is therein ;
As dark Oblivion's rising waves absorb
All human trophies, thus shall Glory's orb
Thy lone sublimity the latest see
And pour its parting radiance on thee !

TALLULAH.

J. M. LEGARÉ.

RECOLLECT thou, in thunder,
How Tallulah spoke to thee,
When, thy little face with wonder
Lifted upward, rocks asunder
 Riven, shattered,
 Black and battered,
Thou aloft didst see?

Downward stalking through Tempesta
Did a giant shape appear.
All the waters leaping after,
Hound-like with their thunder-laughter
 Shook the valley
 Teocalli,
Hill-top bleak and bare.

Vast and ponderous, of granite,
Cloud-enwapt his features were.
In his great calm eyes emotion
Glimmered none ; and like an ocean
 Billowy, tangled,
 Foam bespangled,
Backward streamed his hair.

On his brow like dandelions
Nodded pines : the solid floor
Rocked and reeled beneath his treading,
Black on high a tempest spreading,
 Pregnant, passive,
 As with massive
Portal, closed the corridor.

Frighted, sobbing, clinging to me
In an agony of dread,
Sawest thou this form tremendous
Striding down the steep stupendous
 With the torrent :
 Night abhorrent
Closing overhead.

Then my heart dissembling courage,
That thine own so loudly beat,
Comfort thee, I said, poor trembler :
Providence is no dissembler.
 Higher power
 Guards each flower
Blooming at thy feet.

Flushed and tearful from my bosom
Thereat thou didst lift thy face.
Blue and wide thy eyes resplendent
Turned upon the phantom pendent,
 Whose huge shadow
 Overshadowed
All the gloomy place.

Back revolving into granite,
Foam and fall and nodding pine,
Sank the phantom. Slantwise driven
Through the storm-cloud rent and riven,
 Sunshine glittered,
 And there twittered
Birds in every vine.

Then sonorous from the chasm
Pealed a voice distinct and loud :

“ Innocence and God-reliance
Set all evil at defiance.
Maiden, by these
(As by snow, trees)
Evil heads are bowed.”

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

W. C. RICHARDSON.

(From “ Gaspar.”)

GAZING far down the vista of the past,
I view a rude house by a lofty hill ;
'Tis many lustres since I saw it last,
But all its busy scenes are present still :
The hill I spake of seemed to me so vast,
It soared in awful majesty, until
Its summit pierced the clouds ; then mounting high
Made boldly for the clearer, upper sky.

In Winter, 'round its venerable head
It wrapped a mantle of the purest snow,
From which I darted on my rustic sled,
Like thundering *lawwine* to the vale below,—
Swift as an arrow from a cross-bow sped,
To mount again, with weary steps and slow ;
But felt, with all my toils, as keen a pleasure
As misers when they hug their hoarded treasure.

In Summer, 'round its ancient, shaggy brows
An emerald fillet ran, divinely fair,
Where you might see the milk-white cattle browse,
So high they seemed suspended in the air ;

Too steep for villa, country-seat, or house,
I oft repaired in boyish rapture there
To cull the crocus, and the orchis flowers,
To deck my youthful sweetheart's sylvan bowers.

Yes, sweetheart ! for I had my boyish loves,—
What school-boy has not ?—and they were as deep,
Sincere, and constant as the god that moves
Our stern hearts later, when the passions sleep.
'Tis pity that our young affection proves
So fleeting ! We can see no more such groves,
Such nymphs, such bowers, such happy moments, when
We learn to vote, and write ourselves as men.

Who would not be a careless boy once more,
With uncombed locks, torn hat, and flashing eye ;
To chase the butterflies and curlews o'er
The blossomed heath, and never know a sigh,
Or care ? Methinks the meretricious store
Of manhood's joys in flavor cannot vie.
No, they're insipid, dull, compared with this,
Our boyhood's innocent and headlong bliss.

The trees are greener then ; the sky more near ;
The flowers more sweet ; the landscape far more gay ;
The rills make softer music to the ear,
And scantier clouds obscure the face of day :
The rainbow, that so sweetly spans the sphere,
Will shed its hues ; the sun withdraw its ray,
That made earth lovely, while our hearts wax cold,—
I would to Heaven we never could grow old.

Ay, old, old, old ! that sounds so like a knell,
I half regret it slipped from off my pen :
It makes me sad to hear my children tell
Me I am old, and pluck my beard ; but when

I chide, they laugh, and all again is well,
For they remind me that I live again
In their young lives ; they cheat me of my years,
And all the clouds of age dissolve in tears.

In copious, gushing tears of joy to feel
That though the God that dwells in yonder skies
Contracts my span of life, I still can steal
Some moments from the heaviness that tries
The aged reins : the drifting racks reveal
Some glimpses of the vault to my dim eyes,
That shook its starlight o'er my boyish head
Ere all the romance of my heart was shed.

SEA-WEEDS.

ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

FRIEND of the thoughtful mind and gentle heart,
Beneath the citron-tree—
Deep calling to my soul's profounder deep—
I hear the Mexique Sea.

White through the night rides in the spectral surf
Along the spectral sands,
And all the air vibrates, as if from harps
Touched by phantasmal hands.

Bright in the moon the red pomegranate-flowers
Lean to the yucca's bells,
While with her chrism of dew sad midnight fills
The milk-white asphodels.

Watching all night—as I have done before—
I count the stars that set,
Each writing on my soul some memory deep
Of pleasure or regret ;

Till, wild with heartbreak, toward the east I turn,
Waiting for dawn of day ;
And chanting sea, and asphodel, and star,
Are faded, all, away.

Only within my trembling, trembling hands—
Brought unto me by thee—
I clasp these beautiful and fragile things,
Bright sea-weeds from the sea.

Fair bloom the flowers beneath these northern skies,
Pure shine the stars by night,
And grandly sing the grand Atlantic waves
In thunder-throated might ;

Yet, as the sea-shell in her chambers keeps
The murmur of the sea,
So the deep echoing memories of my home
Will not depart from me.

Prone on the page they lie, these gentle things,
As I have seen them cast
Like a drowned woman's hair along the sands
When storms were overpast ;

Prone, like mine own affections, cast ashore
In battle's storm and blight.
Would they could die, like sea-weed ! Bear with me,
But I must weep to-night.

THE PICTURE.

WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE.

I SAW a lovely picture
In a gallery of art,
Which charmed me like an April rose,
And I wear it in my heart ;

Not like the rose of gardens,
Which withers soon away,
But planted in my heart of hearts,
It never shall decay.

It was a blooming maiden,
So beautiful and pure,
'Twas mirrored from an angel's face
In visions, I am sure.
A dove of heavenly plumage
Upon her bosom lay ;
I saw the spirit of the dove
Around her lips at play.

I longed to see the painter,
I longed to grasp his hand,—
I know there is a common ground
Whereon we two could stand.
I know he has been happy,
And his heart is full of love,
Or he never could have imaged forth
That maiden and her dove.

For as the dove resembles
The virgin's spotless thought,
So is this picture like the soul
From which it was outwrought ;
And of that glorious spirit
I catch a radiant part,
Which I have called a rose, and plant
Forever in my heart.

ANGEL WATCHERS.

ROSE VERTNER JEFFREY.

ANGEL faces watch my pillow, angel voices haunt my
sleep,

And upon the winds of midnight shining pinions round
me sweep ;

Floating downward on the starlight two bright infant forms
I see,

They are mine, my own bright darlings, come from
Heaven to visit me.

Earthly children smile upon me, but those little ones
above

Were the first to stir the fountains of a mother's deathless
love ;

And, as now they watch my slumber, while their soft eyes
on me shine,

God forgive a mortal yearning still to call His angels mine.

Earthly children fondly call me, but no mortal voice can
seem

Sweet as those that whisper "Mother !" 'mid the glories
of my dream :

Years will pass, and earthly prattlers cease perchance to
lisp my name,

But my angel babies' accents shall be evermore the same.

And the bright band now around me from their home per-
chance will rove,

In their strength no more depending on my constant care
and love ;

But my first-born still shall wander from the sky, in dreams
to rest

Their soft cheeks and shining tresses on an earthly mother's
breast.

Time may steal away the freshness, or some whelming
grief destroy
All the hopes that erst had blossomed in my summer-time
of joy ;
Earthly children may forsake me, earthly friends perhaps
betray,
Every tie that now unites me to this life may pass away,

But, unchanged, those angel watchers, from their blest
immortal home,
Pure and fair, to cheer the sadness of my darkened dreams
shall come,
And I cannot feel forsaken, for, though 'reft of earthly
love,
Angel children call me "Mother !" and my soul will look
above.

BURIED TO-DAY.

L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

BURIED to-day, the true and loving mother,
The heart that beat responsive to our own ;
We start, we pause, we gaze at one another,
Then, wondering, ask, "Can she indeed be gone?"
Vanished the gentle smile by which she won us
Ever to duty's path ; and must we say,
Of all the love and truth she lavished on us,
We buried it to-day ?

Buried to-day, the kind and generous neighbor,
Never forgetful of those counsels sweet
That comfort stricken ones, and with her labor
Smoothing the path for other tired feet ;

Aiding through every dark and painful hour,
Soothing with soft and unobtrusive sway ;
And must we say of all this gentle power :
We buried it to-day ?

Buried to-day, the noble-hearted woman
Living by that high faith to angels given ;
Blending in all her life the truly human
With something less of earth and more of heaven ;
Faithful and steadfast in her consecration
To Duty, striving meekly to obey,
And can we say of this grand commendation :
We buried it to-day ?

Not so, not so ! Though sorrowing and lonely,
We comprehend her pure and perfect peace ;
We understand the life that served God only,
Looking to Him alone for its release ;
And when Death's gentle summons to surrender
Was sweetly answered, let none of us say,
Of such example—lofty, simple, tender—
We buried it to-day ?

Not so, not so ! When such a lovely story
As that of her sweet life on earth appears,
It crowns all womanhood with gentle glory ;
And when it fades there is no room for tears,
The good her life has wrought will perish never ;
And though the worker may be laid away
To her last rest, the work remains forever,
Nor crumbles with the clay !

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

THEY planted them together,—our gallant sires of old,—
Though one was crowned with crystal snow and one with
solar gold ;

They planted them together on the world's majestic height,
At Saratoga's deathless charge, at Eutaw's stubborn fight ;
At midnight, on the dark redoubt, 'mid plunging shot and
shell,—

At noontide, gasping in the crush of battle's bloody swell,
With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the mighty fray,
Which surged and swelled around them on that memor-
able day,

When they planted independence, as a symbol and a
sign,—

They struck deep soil and planted the Palmetto and the
Pine.

They planted them together, by the river of the years,
Watered with our fathers' hearts' blood, watered with our
mothers' tears ;

In the strong rich soil of Freedom, with a bounteous
benison

From their prophet, priest, and pioneer,—our father, Wash-
ington !

Above them floated echoes of the ruin and the wreck,
Like "drums that beat at Louisburg, and thundered at
Quebec."

But the old light sank in darkness as the new stars rose to
shine,

O'er those emblems of the sections—the Palmetto and the
Pine.

And we'll plant them still together, for 'tis yet the self-
same soil

Our fathers' valor won for us by victory and toil ;
On Florida's fair everglades, by bold Ontario's flood,
And through them send electric life, as leaps the kindred
blood !

For thus it is they taught us, who for Freedom lived and
died,

The eternal law of justice must, and shall be justified ;
That God hath joined together, by a fiat all divine,
The destinies of dwellers 'neath the Palm-tree and the
Pine.

Ay ! we'll plant them yet together, though the cloud is
on their brows,

And winds antagonistic writhe and wrench the stalwart
boughs ;

Driving winds that drift the nations into gaping gulfs of
gloom,

Sweeping ages, cycles, systems, into vortices of doom ;
Though the waves of faction, rolling in triumphant to the
shore,

Are breaking down our bulwarks with their sullen rage
and roar ;

Serried armaments of ocean filing in line after line,
Washing up the deep foundations of Palmetto and of Pine.

Shall this, the soil of Freedom, from their roots be washed
away

By the chafing of the billows and the breaking of the
spray ?

No ! the hand which rules the vortex, which is surging
now before us,

Above its " hell of waters " sets the bow of promise o'er
us ;

And the time will come when discord shall be buried in
the past,

The oriflamme of Love shall wave above the breach at last,
And beneath the starry banner—type of unity divine—
Shall stand those stately signals, the Palmetto and the Pine.

Shall the old victorious eagle from their boughs be wrenched
away

By the double-headed vulture of disunion and decay?
Forbid it, Heaven! Columbia, guard thine emblems
gathered here

To grace the brilliant dawning of this grand Centennial
year;

And bear them as thou marchest on with gonfalons un-
furled,

With thy foot upon the fetter, for the freeing of the world!
And guard thy Holy Sepulchre,—Mount Vernon's sacred
shrine,—

For this is Freedom's holy land, her promised Palestine.

Oh! thou voice of God outflowing from the lips of holy
Peace,

Soothe the turmoil and the tumult, bid the strife and
sorrow cease!

O'er savannas steeped in sunshine, over mountains dark
with rain,

Send the glad and thrilling tidings in thy sweetly solemn
strain:

Let snowy North and sunny South send up the shout,
“All's well!”

And the music of thy coming strike our heart-strings with
its swell

(As to Jessie Brown at Lucknow struck the air of “Auld
Lang Syne,”

From the Highland pipes of Havelock),—save the Palm
and save the Pine!

God plant them still together! let them flourish side by side

In the halls of our Centennial, mailed in more than marble pride;

With kindly deeds and noble names, we'll grave them o'er and o'er,

With brave, historic legends of the glorious days of yore,
While the clear, exultant chorus, rising from united bands,
The echo of our triumph peals to earth's remotest lands;
While "Faith, Fraternity, and Love" shall joyfully entwine

Around our chosen emblems, the Palmetto and the Pine.

"Together!" shouts Niagara his thunder-toned decree;

"Together!" echo back the waves upon the Mexic sea;

"Together!" sing the sylvan hills where old Atlantic roars;

"Together!" boom the breakers on the wild Pacific shores;

"Together!" cry the people,—and "together" still shall be,

An everlasting charter-bond forever for the free;

Of Liberty the signet-seal, the one eternal sign,

Be those united emblems, the Palmetto and the Pine.

ASHES OF GLORY.

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER.

FOLD up the gorgeous silken sun,

By bleeding martyrs blest,

And heap the laurels it has won

Above its place of rest.

No trumpets note need harshly blare,—
No drum funereal roll,—
No trailing sables drape the bier
That frees a dauntless soul.

It lived with Lee, and decked his brow
With fate's empyreal palm ;
It sleeps the sleep of Jackson now,—
As spotless and as calm.

It was outnumbered—not outdone ;
And they shall shuddering tell,
Who struck the blow, its latest gun
Flashed ruin as it fell.

Sleep, shrouded ensign ! Not the breeze
That smote the victor tar
With death across the heaving seas
Of fiery Trafalgar ;

Not Arthur's knights amid the gloom
Their knightly deeds have starred ;
Nor Gallic Henry's matchless plume,
Nor peerless-born Bayard ;

Not all that antique fables feign,
And orient dreams 'disgorge ;
Nor yet the silver cross of Spain,
And Lion of St. George,

Can bid thee pale ! Proud emblem, still
Thy crimson glory shines
Beyond the lengthened shades that fill
Their proudest kingly lines.

Sleep ! in thine own historic night,—
And be thy blazoned scroll ;
*A warrior's banner takes its flight
To greet the warrior's soul.*

THE SPIRIT AND THE WOOD SPARROW.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

'Twas long ago:
The place was very fair;
And from a cloud of snow
A spirit of the air
Dropped to the earth below.
It was a spot by man untrod;
Just where,
I think is only known to God.
The spirit for awhile,
Because of beauty freshly made,
Could only smile;
Then grew the smiling to a song,
And as he sang he played
Upon a moonbeam wired cithole
Shaped like a soul.

There was no ear
Or far or near
Save one small sparrow of the wood
That song to hear.
This, in a bosky tree,
Heard all, and understood
As much as a small sparrow could
By sympathy.
'Twas a fair sight
That morn of spring
When on the lonely height
The spirit paused to sing,
Then through the air took flight,
Still lilting on the wing.

And the shy bird,
Who all had heard,
Straightway began
To practice o'er the lovely strain;
Again, again;
Though indistinct and blurred,
He tried each word,
Until he caught the last far sounds that fell
Like the faint tinkles of a fairy bell.

Now when I hear that song,
Which has no earthly tone,
My soul is carried with the strain along
To the everlasting Throne:
To bow in thankfulness and prayer,
And gain fresh faith, and love, and patience there.

THE OLD CANOE.

ANONYMOUS.

WHERE the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep ;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide ;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and lank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank ;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,—
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wing that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done ;

While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with its dull *tu-whoo*,
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower ;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
The twilight-wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of its rusty chain ;
Like the weary march of the hands of Time
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
As the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand !
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies thick.
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,

And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

MISSING.

ANONYMOUS.

IN the cool sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May buds sprinkle the green old mound,
And the winds, and the birds, and the limpid brook,
Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound ;
Who lies so still in the plushy moss,
With his pale cheek pressed on his breezy pillow,
Couched where the light and the shadows cross
Through the flickering fringe of the willow ?
Who lies, alas !

So still, so chill, in the whispering grass ?

A soldier clad in the Zouave dress,
A bright-haired man, with his lips apart,
One hand thrown up o'er his frank, dead face,
And the other clutching his pulseless heart,
Lies here in the shadows, cool and dim,
His musket swept by a trailing bough ;
With a careless grace in his quiet limbs,
And a wound on his manly brow ;
A wound, alas !

Whence the warm blood drips on the quiet grass.

The violets peer from their dusky beds,
With a tearful dew in their great pure eyes ;
The lilies quiver their shining heads,
Their pale lips full of sad surprise ;

And the lizard darts through the glistening fern ;
And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary ;
Strange birds fly out with a cry, to bathe
Their wings in the sunset glory,
While the shadows pass
O'er the quiet face and the dewy grass.

God pity the bride who waits at home
With her lily cheeks and her violet eyes,
Dreaming the sweet old dream of love,
While her lover is walking in paradise ;
God strengthen her heart as the days go by,
And the long, drear nights of her vigil follow ;
Nor bird, nor moon, nor whispering wind,
May breathe the tale of the hollow ;
Alas ! alas !
The secret is safe with the woodland grass.

THE SOLDIER BOY.

H. M. L.

I GIVE my soldier boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well ;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not : but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling, base or low,
I give my soldier boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done ;
As calm, as cool, as clear of mood
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun ;

For country's claim, at honor's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone, with all their flame and noise ;
And still the gleaming sword remains.
So when in dust I low am laid,
Remember by these heartfelt strains
I gave my soldier boy a blade.

VIRGINIA'S DEAD.

ANONYMOUS.

PROUD mother of a race that reared
The brave and good of ours,
Lo ! on thy bleeding bosom lie
Thy pale and perished flowers.
Where'er upon her own bright soil
Hosts meet their blood to shed,
Where brightest gleams the victor's sword,
There lie Virginia's dead.

And where upon the crimson field
The cannon loudest roars,
And hero blood for liberty
A streaming torrent pours ;
Where fiercest glows the battle's rage,
And Southern banners spread,
Where minions crouch and vassals kneel,
There lie Virginia's dead.

Where bright Potomac's classic wave
Flows softly to the sea,
And Shenandoah's Valley smiles
In her captivity ;
Where sullen Mississippi rolls,
By foaming torrents fed,
And Tennessee's smooth ripple breaks,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And where 'mid dreary mountain heights
The frost-king sternly sate,
As Garnett cheered his followers on,
And nobly met his fate ;
Where Johnson, Lee, and Beauregard
Their gallant armies led,
Through winter snows and tropic suns,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And where through Georgia's flowery meads
The proud Savannah flows,
And soft o'er Carolina's brow
Atlantic's pure breeze flows ;
Where Florida's sweet tropic flowers
Their dewy fragrance shed,
And night-winds sigh through orange groves,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

Where sad Louisiana's eye
Looks darkly on her chains,
And proud New Orleans' noble street
The despot heel profanes ;
Where virtue shrinks in dread dismay,
And beauty bows her head,
Where courage spurns the oppressors' yoke,
There lie Virginia's dead.

'Neath Alabama's sunny skies,
On Texas' burning shore,
Where blooming prairies brightly sweep
Missouri's bosom o'er ;
Where bold Kentucky's lion heart
Leaps to her Morgan's tread,
And tyrants quail at Freedom's cry,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And where the ocean's trackless waves
O'er pallid corpses sweep,
As, 'mid the cannon's thunder peal,
" Deep calleth unto deep ;"
Wherever Honor's sword is drawn,
And Justice rears her head,
Where heroes fall and martyrs bleed,
There rest Virginia's dead.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

COME, stack arms, men ! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright ;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of " Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now,—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew ;
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.

The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well ;
 Says he, "That's Banks,—he's fond of shell ;
 Lord save his soul ! we'll give him ——;" well,
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence ! ground arms ! kneel all ! caps off !
 Old Blue-Light's going to pray.
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff !
 Attention ! it's his way.
 Appealing from his native sod,
 In *forma pauperis* to God,
 "Lay bare Thine arm ; stretch forth Thy rod !
 Amen !" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in !
 Steady ! the whole brigade !
 Hill's at the ford, cut off ; we'll win
 His way out, ball and blade !
 What matter if our shoes are worn ?
 What matter if our feet are torn ?
 "Quick-step ! we're with him before morn !"
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning, and, by George !
 Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
 Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,
 "Bay' nets and grape !" hear Stonewall roar ;
 "Charge, Stuart ! Pay off Ashby's score !"
 Is "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah ! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
 For news of Stonewall's band !
 Ah ! widow, read with eyes that burn
 That ring upon thy hand.

Ah ! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn ;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in "Stonewall's way."

CHISEL-WORK.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I.

'Tis the Master who holds the mallet,
And day by day
He is chipping whatever environs
The form away ;
Which, under His skilful cutting,
He means shall be
Wrought silently out to beauty
Of such degree
Of faultless and full perfection,
That angel eyes
Shall look on the finished labor
With new surprise,
That even His boundless patience
Could grave His own
Features upon such fractured
And stubborn stone.

II.

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel ;
He knows just where
Its edge should be driven sharpest,
To fashion there
The semblance that He is carving ;
Nor will He let
One delicate stroke too many,
Or few, be set

On forehead, or cheek, where only
He sees how all
Is tending, and where the hardest
The blow should fall,
Which crumbles away whatever
Superfluous line
Would hinder His hand from making
The work divine.

III.

With tools of Thy choosing, Master,
We pray Thee, then,
Strike just as Thou wilt ; as often,
And where, and when
The vehement stroke is needed.
We will not mind,
If only Thy chipping chisel
Shall leave behind
Such marks of Thy wondrous working
And loving skill,
Clear carven on aspect, stature,
And face, as will,
When discipline's ends are over,
Have all-sufficed
To mould us into the likeness
And form of Christ.

A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I.

A YEAR uncalendared ;—for what
Hast thou to do with mortal time ?
Its dole of moments entereth not
That circle, infinite, sublime,

Whose unreach'd centre is the throne
Of Him before whose awful brow
Meeting eternities are known
As but an everlasting Now !
The thought uplifts thee far away,—
Too far beyond my love and tears ;
Ah ! let me hold thee as I may,
And count thy time by earthly years.

II.

A year of blessedness, wherein
No faintest cloud hath crossed thy soul ;
No throe of pain, no taint of sin,
No frail mortality's control :
Not once hath disappointment stung,
Nor care, world-weary, made thee pine ;
But rapture such as human tongue
Hath found no language for, is thine.
Made perfect at thy passing, who
Dare sum thine added glory now,
As onward, upward, pressing through
The ranks that with veiled faces bow,
Ascending still from height to height,
Fearless where, hushed, the seraphs trod,
Unfaltering midst the circles bright,
Thou tendest inward unto God ?

III.

A year of progress in the lore
That is not learned on earth : thy mind,
Unclogged of clay, and free to soar,
Hath left the realms of doubt behind.
And mysteries which thy finite thought
In vain essayed to solve, appear
To thine untasked inquiries fraught
With explanations strangely clear.

Thy reason owns no forced control
As held it here in needful thrall,
God's secrets court thy questioning soul,
And thou mayst search and know them all.

IV.

A year of love ; thy yearning heart
Was always tender, even to tears,
And sympathy's responsive art
Lent its warm coloring to thy years.
But love, whose wordless ecstasy
Had overborne the finite, now
Throbs through thy saintly purity,
And burns upon thy dazzling brow.
For thou the hands' dear clasp hast felt
That show the nail-prints still displayed,
And thou before the face hast knelt
That wears the scars the thorns have made.

V.

A year without thee :—I had thought
My orphaned heart would break and die
Ere time had meek quiescence wrought,
Or soothed the tears it could not dry.
And yet I live,—to faint, to groan,
To stagger with the woe I bear,
To miss thee so !—to moan and moan
The name I dare not breathe in prayer !
Thou praising, while I weakly pine ;
Enraptured, while I sorrow sore,—
And thus betwixt thy soul and mine
The distance widening evermore !

VI.

A year of tears to me ; to thee
The end of thy probation's strife,
The archway to eternity,
The portal of thy deathless life ;

To me the corse, the bier, the sod ;
To thee, the palm of victory given :
Enough, my bruised heart ! Thank God
That thou *hast* been a year in heaven !

BEFORE DEATH.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I.

How much would I care for it, could I know,
That when I am under the grass or snow,
The ravelled garment of life's brief day
Folded, and quietly laid away ;
The spirit let loose from mortal bars,
And somewhere away among the stars :
How much do you think it would matter then
What praise was lavished upon me, when,
Whatever might be its stint or store,
It neither could help nor harm me more ?

II.

If midst of my toil they had but thought
To stretch a finger, I would have caught
Gladly such aid, to bear me through
Some bitter duty I had to do :
And when it was done, had I but heard
One breath of applause, one cheering word,
One cry of " Courage !" amid the strife,
So weighted for me, with death or life,
How would it have nerved my soul to strain
Through the whirl of the coming surge again !

III.

What use for the rope, if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What help in a comrade's bugle-blast
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need that the spurring pæan roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth is eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?
No! no! if you have but a word of cheer,
Speak it, while I am alive to hear!

THE BLEMISHED OFFERING.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I.

"I WOULD my gift were worthier!" sighed the Greek,
As on he goaded to the temple-door
His spotted bullock. "Ever of our store
Doth Zeus require the best; and fat and sleek
The ox I vowed to him (no brindled streak,
No fleck of dun), when through the breakers' roar
He bore me safe that day to Naxos' shore;
And now,—my gratitude,—how seeming weak!

"But here be chalk-pits: what if I should white
The blotches, hiding all unfitness so?
The victim in the people's eyes would show
Better therefor;—the sacrificial rite
Be quicker granted at thus fair a sight,
And the great Zeus himself might never know."

II.

We have a God who *knows* : and yet we dare
On his consuming altar-coals to lay
(Driven by the prick of conscience to obey) .
The whited sacrifice, the hollow prayer,
In place of what we vowed, in our despair,
Of best and holiest ;—glad no mortal may
Pierce through the cheat, and hoping half to stay
That Eye before whose search all souls are bare !

Nay, rather :—let us bring the victim-heart
Defiled, unworthy, blemished, though it be,
And fling it on the flame, entreating, “ See—
I blush to know how vile in every part
Is this my gift, through sin’s delusive art,
Yet, ’tis the best that I can offer Thee !”

ANISE AND CUMMIN.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

WEARY with homely duties done,
Tired through treading day by day,
Over and over, from sun to sun,
One and the same small round away,
Under her breath I heard her say :

“ Oh for the sweep of the keen-edged scythe !
Oh for the swaths, when the reaping’s o’er,—
Proof of the toil’s success ! I tithe
Anise and cummin,—such petty store !
Cummin and anise,—nothing more !

“ Only a meagre garden-space,
Out of the world so rich and broad,—
Only a strip of standing-place,
Only a patch of herb-strown sod,
Given, in which to work for God !

“ Yet is my hand as full of care
Under the shine and frost and rain,
Tending and weeding and watching there,
Even as though I deemed a wain
Were to be piled with sheaves of grain.

“ Then, when the work is done, what cheer
Have I to greet me, great or small ?
What that shall show how year by year
Patient I've wrought at duty's call ?
Anise and cummin,—that is all !”

Turning, I raised the drooping head,
Just as I heard a sob arise :
“ Anise and cummin and mint,” I said,
Kissing her over her aching eyes,
“ Even our Lord doth not despise.

“ Think you He looks for headed wheat
Out of your plot of garden-ground ?
Think you He counts as incomplete
Service that from such scanty bound
Yields Him the tithing He has found ?

“ What are to Him the world's wide plains,—
Him who hath never a need to fill
Even one garner with our small gains ?
Yet, if the plot is yours to till,
Tithe Him the anise and cummin still !”

GONE FORWARD.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

YES, "Let the tent be struck : " * victorious morning
Through every crevice flashes in a day
Magnificent beyond all earth's adorning :
The night is over ; wherefore should he stay ?
And wherefore should our voices choke to say,
" The General has gone forward " ?

Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender,
But with superb endurance, present, past,
Our pure commander, lofty, simple, tender,
Through good, through ill, held his high purpose fast,
Wearing his armor spotless,—till at last
Death gave the final " Forward ! "

All hearts grew sudden palsied : yet what said he
Thus summoned ?—" Let the tent be struck ! "—For
when
Did call of duty fail to find him ready
Nobly to do his work in sight of men,
For God's and for his country's sake—and then
To watch, wait, or go forward ?

We will not weep,—we dare not ! such a story
As his large life writes on the century's years
Should crowd our bosoms with a flush of glory
That manhood's type, supremest that appears
To-day, *he* shows the ages. Nay, no tears
Because he has gone forward.

* Dying words of General R. E. Lee.

Gone forward :—whither ? Where the marshalled legions,
Christ's well-worn soldiers, from their conflicts cease,—
Where Faith's true Red-Cross Knights repose in regions
Thick-studded with the calm, white tents of peace,—
Thither, right joyful to accept release,
The General has gone forward !

THE FIG-MERCHANT.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

" In the name of the Prophet, figs !"

Through the drowse of the noon afar
Came droning the Arab vender's cry,
As he threaded the thronged bazaar.
With the courage that comes of faith,
He neither had thought nor care,
Though the lip of the scornful Greek might curl,
Or the insolent Frank might stare.

" In the name of the Prophet, figs !"

A traveller, loitering near,
Half screened in a niche's deep recess,
Turned languidly 'round to hear.
But scarce had the Arab passed,
Ere a ripple, that seemed a sigh,
Blurred faintly the calm of his lip, and broke
In a haze on his dreaming eye.

" In the name of the Prophet, figs !"

He listened with downcast face.
" This Moslem," he said, " is brave to own
His creed in the market-place ;
While I, with supremest trust
And a hope that can know no shame,
Not once in the midst of this multitude
Have thought of my Prophet's name.

" In the name of the Prophet, figs !"

No vagueness about the way
He honors the slow muezzin call,
When his hour has come to pray.
It matters not where he be,
His worship his faith reveals ;
Would I have the manhood, amid these crowds,
To kneel as the Arab kneels ?

" In the name of the Prophet, figs !"

It sinks to an echo sweet,
Yet floats to me back with a pungent sting
Of reproach in this foreign street.
It bids that, with faith as bold
As the Moslem's, I bravely do
All things whatever, or great or small,
In the name of my Prophet, too !"

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

A SIMPLE, sodded mound of earth,
With not a line above it—
With only daily votive flowers
To prove that any love it ;
The token flag that, silently,
Each breeze's visit numbers,
Alone keeps martial ward above
The hero's dreamless slumbers.

No name ? no record ? Ask the world—
The world has heard his story—
If all its annals can unfold
A prouder tale of glory ?

If ever merely human life
Hath taught diviner moral—
If ever round a worthier brow
Was twined a purer laurel?

Humanity's responsive heart
Concedes his wond'rous powers,
And pulses with a tenderness
Almost akin to ours ;
Nay, not to ours—for us he poured
His life—a rich oblation ;
And on adoring souls we bear
His blood of consecration.

A twelvemonth only since his sword
Went flashing through the battle ;
A twelvemonth only since his ear
Heard war's last deadly rattle.
And yet have countless pilgrim feet
The pilgrim's guerdon paid him ;
And weeping women come to see
The place where they have laid him.

Contending armies * bring, in turn,
Their meed of praise or honor ;
And Pallas here has paused to bind
The cypress wreath upon her.
It seems a holy sepulchre
Whose sanctities can waken
Alike the love of friend or foe—
Of Christian or of Pagan.

* In the month of June, 1864, this singular spectacle was presented at Lexington, Virginia, of two hostile armies in turn reverently visiting the grave of Stonewall Jackson.

They come to own his high emprise
Who fled in frantic masses
Before the glittering bayonet
That triumphed at Manassas ;
Who witnessed Kernstown's fearful odds,
As on their ranks he thundered,
Defiant as the storied Greek
Amid his brave three hundred.

They well recall the tiger spring,
The wise retreat, the rally ;
The tireless march, the fierce pursuit
Through many a mountain valley.
Cross Keys unlocks new paths to fame,
And Port Republic's story
Wrests from his ever-vanquished foes
Strange tributes to his glory !

Cold Harbor rises to their view,
The Cedar's gloom is o'er them,
Antietam's rough and rugged heights
Stretch mockingly before them.
The lurid flames of Fredericksburg
Right grimly they remember,
That lit the frozen night's retreat
That wintry, wild December.

The largesse of their praise is flung
With bounty rare and regal ;
Is it because the vulture fears
No longer the dead eagle ?
Nay, rather far accept it thus :
A homage true and tender,
As soldier unto soldier's worth—
As brave to brave will render !

But who shall weigh the wordless grief
That leaves in tears its traces,
As 'round their leader crowd again
Those bronzed and veteran faces ?
The "old brigade" he loved so well,—
The mountain men who bound him
With bays of their own winning, ere
A tardier fame had crowned him.

The legions who had seen his glance
Across the carnage flashing,
And thrilled to catch his ringing "Charge !"
Above the volley crashing ;
Who oft had watched the lifted hand
The inward trust betraying,
And felt their courage grow sublime
While they beheld him praying.

Good knights, and true as ever drew
Their swords with knightly Roland,
Or died at Sobieski's side
For love of martyred Poland ;
Or knelt with Cromwell's "Ironsides,"
Or sung with brave Gustavus,
Or on the field of Austerlitz
Breathed out their dying "aves."

Rare fame ! rare name ! if chanted praise,
With all the world to listen ;
If pride that swells a nation's soul ;
If foeman's tears that glisten ;
If pilgrim's shrining love ; if grief
Which naught can soothe or sever,—
If these can consecrate, this spot
Is sacred ground forever.

WASHINGTON—PATER PATRIÆ.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

(From "Arms and the Man.")

ACHILLES came from Homer's Jove-like brain,
Pavilioned 'mid his ships where Thetis trod ;
But he whose image dominates this plain
Came from the hand of God !

Yet, of his life, which shall all time adorn
I dare not sing : to try the theme would be
To drink as 'twere that Scandinavian horn
Whose tip was in the sea.

I bow my head and go upon my ways,
Who tells that story can but gild the gold ;
Could I pile Alps on Apennines of praise
The tale would not be told.

Not his the blade which lyric fables say
Cleft Pyrenees from ridge to nether bed,
But his sword which cleared the Sacred Way
For Freedom's feet to tread.

Not Cæsar's genius nor Napoleon's skill
Gave him proud mast'ry o'er the trembling earth ;
But great in honesty, and sense, and will—
He was the "man of worth."

He knew not North, nor South, nor West, nor East ;
Childless himself, Father of States he stood,
Strong and sagacious as a knight turned priest,
And vowed to deeds of good.

Compared with all earth's heroes I may say
 He was, with even half his virtues hid,
 Greater in what his hand refrained than they
 Were great in what they did.

And thus his image dominates all time,
 Uplifted like the everlasting dome
 Which rises in a miracle sublime
 Above eternal Rome.

On Rome's once blooming plain where'er we stray
 That dome majestic rises on the view,
 Its Cross aglow with every wandering ray
 That shines along the blue.

So his vast image shadows all the lands,
 So holds forever man's adoring eye,
 And o'er the Union which he left, it stands
 Our cross against the sky.

OUR ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

GOOD is the Saxon speech ! clear, short, and strong,
 Its clean-cut words, fit both for prayer and song ;
 Good is this tongue for all the needs of life ;
 Good for sweet words with friend, or child, or wife.
Seax—short sword—and like a sword its sway
 Hews out a path 'mid all the forms of speech,
 For in itself it hath the power to teach
 Itself, while many tongues slow fade away.

'Tis good for laws ; for vows of youth and maid ;
 Good for the preacher ; or shrewd folk in trade ;

Good for sea-calls when loud the rush of spray ;
Good for war-cries where men meet hilt to hilt,
And man's best blood like new-trod wine is spilt,—
Good for all times, and good for what thou wilt !

GUARD THINE ACTION.

SALLIE ADA VANCE MALONE.

WHEN you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame,
Guard thine every look and action,
Speak no heartless word of blame,
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may spoil thy goodly name.

When you meet a brow that's awing
With its wrinkled lines of gloom,
And a haughty step that's drawing
To a solitary tomb,
Guard thine action ; some great sorrow
Made that man a spectre grim ;
And the sunset of to-morrow
May have left thee like to him.

When you meet with one pursuing
Paths the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undoing
With his recklessness and sin,
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain ?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again ?

There are spots that bear no flowers,
Not because the soil is bad,
But that summer's gentle showers
Never made their bosoms glad ;
Better have an act that's kindly
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than, by judging others blindly,
Doom the innocent to pain.

UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

LOGAN E. BLECKLEY.

HE has thy hand, the altar vow
Has made that his forever ;
But not thy heart, for it will bow
To his dominion never.

Thy spirit still will soar aloft—
Still keep thee far above him ;
And, though he claim thy pity oft,
Yet never canst thou love him.

His lot is hard, but harder thine,
Half wedded, gifted woman ;
For thou art only not divine,
And he is—only human.

A YEAR OR TWO MORE.

W. P. RIVERS.

IN a little back room, by the sparkling bright fire,
Sits dreaming an octogenarian sire ;
In his quaint old arm-chair he is sitting alone,
And he dreams of the years and the friends that are gone.

Bright pictures look up from the hearth, in the flames ;
Three others look down from their old gilded frames,
His own portrait there, and his wife's at his side,
And " Washington's family,"—the old soldier's pride.

He dreams of tent-life, and Cadwallader's men :
He hears the roll-call that summoned them then ;
He wonders how many, the good and the brave,
Could muster and answer this side of the grave !

He dreams of his country's bright patriot past ;
Of the halcyon days that are now overcast ;
Of blessings unnumbered, the perils they cost ;
Of glories declining, and how they are lost.

He dreams of the years, how they ebb and they flow !
The old and the young, how they come and they go !
Of treasures how fleeting, though earned by hard toils,
Time's changes and wrecks, and of death's cruel spoils !

Of the hopes that went forth, like brave ships on life's main ;
How few the full-freighted that have come home again !
How many that sailed, seeking fortune's fair shore,
Are lying dismantled, to go out no more !

The old man sits there, in his chair all alone,
 He is breathing a prayer in a sad monotone ;
 He is dreaming of *her* now, who sat with him there,
 A twelvemonth ago, in that "vacant arm-chair."

He dreams, and he sees with a prophet's clear eye
 A spirit-ship gliding along the bright sky ;
 Down, down through the air, as it floats on his sight,
 With its white sails and rigging all mantled in light !

There's a vision of forms mid the ship's airy wings,
 Of faces angelic and heavenly things ;
 There are friends and companions that long since have
 gone,
 And the old soldier there sits no longer alone !

There's a clasping of hands, and a greeting, and cheer,
 And they wish the old soldier "A happy New Year !" "
 "You're weary," they say, "here alone on the shore ;
 Wait awhile, and be patient, *a year or two more !*"

The spirit-ship glides down the harbor to sea,
 As fair as a vision from Heaven can be !
 The faces so dear fade again on the air,—
 And the old man awakes, yet alone in his chair.

* * * * * * *

And now, with his little grandchild on his knee,
 He tells of the ship that he saw go to sea ;
 And he says, "Grandpa's weary alone on the shore,—
 The ship will come back in a year or two more !"

And the child sweetly asks, "Will the ship come for me ?
 May all of us go with you over the sea ?"
 "Ah, darling," he sighs, "we all shall sail o'er,
 But grandpa must go in a year or two more !"

CHASTENED GRIEF.

ANDREW ADGATE LIPSCOMB.

(At the grave of a son.)

I THOUGHT that thou in coming time
Wouldst be my strength and stay ;
I thought to find in thy full prime
Support amidst decay ;
No other one such help could give,
So tender, strong, and wise ;
'Twas happiness with thee to live,
Though crushed so many ties.

But I am here to do for thee,
In spring-time's early hours,
What thou canst never do for me,—
Bedeck my tomb with flowers.
And yet for me a work thou dost,
Which not till late I knew ;
God help my heart this hope to trust !
Of all my hopes most true.

My tears thou wouldst not here restrain
Beside his resting-place,
Whose life ne'er gave a moment's pain,
Nor aught else to efface.
I know the loss ; I know the gain ;
And oft in thought they blend,
Like sunshine gleaming after rain
When sudden showers descend.

THE EXILE TO HIS WIFE.

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Daytime and night-time, I'm thinking about thee ;
Night-time and daytime, in dreams I behold thee ;
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten ;
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten ;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly ;
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit 'round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing ;
And thoughts of thy love and its manifold treasure
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O Spring of my spirit ! O May of my bosom !
Shine out on my soul, till it bourgeon and blossom ;
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even,
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven ;
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other ;
Smile coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple ;
Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming !

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened ;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened ?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love.

I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing,
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing.
I would not die without you at my side, love ;
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow ;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lip, and a smile on your cheek, love.
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary ;
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary.
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee.

SPRING.

HENRY TIMROD.

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden sun and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest-tree
The blood is all a-gee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,

Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn.

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appears some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a Fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth ;
And near the snow-drop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamoured South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn ;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant ; and you scarce would start
If, from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
" Behold me ! I am May !"

Ah ! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessèd time ?
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of death ?

Yet not more surely shall the spring awake
The voice of wood and brake,
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlit rains,
And every gladdening influence around,
Can summon from its ground.

Oh ! standing on this desecrated mould,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring, kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND.

HENRY TIMROD.

HARK to the shouting Wind !
Hark to the flying Rain !
And I care not though I never see
A bright blue sky again.

There are thoughts in my breast to-day
That are not for human speech ;
But I hear them in the driving storm,
And the roar upon the beach.

And oh, to be with that ship
That I watch through the blinding brine !
O Wind ! for thy sweep of land and sea !
O Sea ! for a voice like thine !

Shout on, thou pitiless Wind,
To the frightened and flying Rain !
I care not though I never see
A calm blue sky again.

ODE FOR DECORATION DAY.

HENRY TIMROD.

(Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867.)

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause ;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,

And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone !

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold ! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes ! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies !
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned !

SONNET.

HENRY TIMROD.

SOME truths there be are better left unsaid ;
Much is there that we may not speak unblamed.
On words, as wings, how many joys have fled !
The jealous fairies love not to be named.
There is an old-world tale of one whose bed
A genius graced, to all, save him, unknown ;
One day the secret passed his lips, and sped
As secrets speed—thenceforth he slept alone.
Too much, oh ! far too much is told in books ;
Too broad a daylight wraps us all and each.
Ah ! it is well that, deeper than our looks,
Some secrets lie beyond conjecture's reach.
Ah ! it is well that in the soul are nooks
That will not open to the keys of speech.

THE COTTON BOLL.*

HENRY TIMROD.

WHILE I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere !
(By dusky fingers brought this morning here
And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibres peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear-grass from its swinging bed,
Is scarce more fine ;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noon-day light
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and miles
The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little boll, there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound,
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us round,
And turns some city here
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles !

* The *boll* is the seed-vessel of the cotton.

Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,
Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns ;
And broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hill and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their streams
Against the Evening Star !
And lo !
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,
The endless field is white ;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day !
Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
And the small charm within my hands—
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale,
The curious ointment of the Arabian tale—
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I see,
Beneath its simple influence,

As if, with Uriel's* crown,
I stood in some great temple of the Sun.
And looked, as Uriel, down !)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green
With all the common gifts of God.
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod ;
Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways ;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays ;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plumèd peaks, cloud-crowned ;
And, save where up their sides the ploughman creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps !
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth !
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth !
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the West
See nothing brighter than the humblest flowers !
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers !
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man.

But these are charms already widely blown !
His be the meed whose pencil's trace

* *Uriel*, " God's Light,"—the archangel,

" One of the seven

Who in God's presence, nearest to His throne,
Stand ready at command."

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*.

Hath touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom :
The Poet of " The Woodlands " unto whom
Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs ;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O Land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own !
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships
That bear no thunders ; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands ;
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands ;
And gladdening rich and poor,
Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage smoke of English homes,
And only bounds its blessings by mankind !
In offices like these, thy mission lies,
My country ! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and Heaven bend
In blue above thee ; though thy foes be hard
And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark ; make thee great
In white and bloodless state ;
And haply, as the years increase—
Still working through its humbler reach

With that large wisdom which the ages teach—
Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace !

As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rocks, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche, or shape the archèd roof ;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hour
Of many gathering armies. Still,
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the northern winds, the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To thy will,
Resigned, O Lord ! we all forget
That there is much even victory must regret.
And, therefore, not too long
From the great burthen of our country's wrong
Delay our just release !
And if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood !
Oh, help us, Lord ! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course, and, while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us ! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy ; and we shall grant it, and dictate

The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays
Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western seas,

ONLY ONE.

MRS. LIDE MERIWETHER.

“ONLY one !” the winds are moaning,
“Only one !” the woodlands sigh,
“Only one !” the waves intoning,
“Only one !” the stars reply :
Easter lilies pale and shiver
In the struggling April sun,
Pallid moonbeams wane and quiver,
Whispering sadly—“Only one !”

Every bush and tree is swaying
With the sorrow-laden tone,
Every bird and bee is saying,
“One is here—and one is gone !”
Every running stream is telling
Out its weary monotone,
Every bird to blossom swelling,
Mutely answers—“Only one !”

Every mission meek and lowly,
Where two wrought in days of yore,
Every purpose high and holy,
Mourns its helper—gone before ;
Every pure and fair creation
In a poet’s brain begun,
Lacks its soul and inspiration,
Droops, and falters—“Only one !”

Faint and far, a pleading whisper
Blends with bird, and breeze, and bee,—
Shall I go to you, my sister,
Since you come not back to me?
Will the great and loving Giver
Grant us choicest benison,
And beyond the shining river
Blend our spirits—only one?

MEMORIES.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

THE flush of sunset dies
Far on ancestral trees ;
On the bright-booted bees,
On cattle-dotted leas !
And a mist is in my eyes,
For in a stranger land
Halts the quick-running sand,
Shaken by no dear hand !

How plain the flowering grass,
The sunset-flooded door !
I hear the river's roar
Say clearly, " Nevermore."
I see cloud-shadows pass
Over my mountain meres ;
Gone are the rose-bright years,
Drowned in a flood of tears.

IN THE WHEAT-FIELD.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

WHEN the lids of the virgin Dawn unclose,
When the earth is fair and the heavens are calm,
And the early breath of the wakening rose
Floats on the air in balm,
I stand breast-high in the pearly wheat
That ripples and thrills to a sportive breeze,
Borne over the field with its Hermes feet,
And its subtle odor of southern seas ;
While out of the infinite azure deep
The flashing wings of the swallows sweep,
Buoyant and beautiful, wild and fleet,
Over the waves of the whispering wheat.

Aurora faints in the fulgent fire
Of the Monarch of Morning's bright embrace,
And the summer day climbs higher and higher
Up the cerulean space ;
The pearl-tints fade from the radiant grain,
And the sportive breeze of the ocean dies,
And soon in the noontide's soundless rain
The fields seem graced by a million eyes ;
Each grain with a glance from its lidded fold
As bright as a gnome's in his mine of gold,
While the slumb'rous glamour of beam and heat
Glides over and under the windless wheat.

Yet the languid spirit of lazy Noon,
With its minor and Morphean music rife,
Is pulsing in low, voluptuous tune
With summer's lust of life.

Hark ! to the droning of drowsy wings,
To the honey bees as they go and come,
To the "boomer" scarce rounding his sultry rings,
The gnat's small horn and the beetle's hum ;
And hark to the locust !—noon's one shrill song,
Like the tingling steel of an elfin gong,
Grows lower through quavers of long retreat
To swoon on the dazzled and distant wheat.

Now Day declines ! and his shafts of might
Are sheathed in a quiver of opal haze ;
Still thro' the chastened, but magic light,
What sunset grandeurs blaze !
For the sky, in its mellowed luster, seems
Like the realm of a master poet's mind,—
A shifting kingdom of splendid dreams,—
With fuller and fairer truths behind ;
And the changeful colors that blend or part,
Ebb like the tides of a living heart,
As the splendor melts and the shadows meet,
And the tresses of Twilight trail over the wheat.

Thus Eve creeps slowly and slyly down,
And the gurgling notes of the swallow cease,
They flicker aloft through the foliage brown,
In the ancient vesper peace :
But a step like the step of a conscious fawn
Is stealing—with many a pause—this way,
Till the hand of my Love through mine is drawn,
Her heart on mine, in the tender ray ;
O hand of the lily, O heart of truth,
O Love, thou art faithful and fond as Ruth ;
But I am the gleaner—of kisses—Sweet,
While the starlight dawns on the dimpling wheat !

THE BONNY BROWN HAND.

PAUL H. HAYNE

Oh, drearily, how drearily, the sombre eve comes down !
And wearily, how wearily, the seaward breezes blow !
But place your little hand in mine—so dainty, yet so brown !
For household toil hath worn away its rosy-tinted snow :
But I fold it, wife, the nearer,
And I feel, my love, 'tis dearer
Than all dear things of earth,
As I watch the pensive gloaming,
And my wild thoughts cease from roaming,
And birdlike furl their pinions close beside our peaceful
hearth :
Then rest your little hand in mine, while twilight shimmers down,—
That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny
brown,—
The hand that holds an honest heart, and rules a happy
hearth.

Oh, merrily, how merrily, our children's voices rise !
And cheerily, how cheerily, their tiny footsteps fall !
But, hand, you must not stir awhile, for there our nestling
lies,
Snug in the cradle at your side, the loveliest far of all ;
And she looks so arch and airy,
So softly pure a fairy,—
She scarce seems bound to earth ;
And her dimpled mouth keeps smiling,
As at some child fay's beguiling,
Who flies from Ariel realms to light her slumbers on the
hearth.

Ha, little hand, you yearn to move, and smooth the
bright locks down !

But, little hand,—but, trembling hand,—but, hand of
bonny brown,
Stay, stay with me !—she will not flee, our birdling on the
hearth.

Oh, fittingly, how fittingly, the parlor shadows thrill,
As wittingly, half wittingly, they seem to pulse and
pass !

And solemn sounds are on the wind that sweeps the
haunted hill,

And murmurs of a ghostly breath from out the grave-
yard grass.

Let me feel your glowing fingers
In a clasp that warms and lingers
With the full, fond love of earth,
Till the joy of love's completeness
In this flush of fireside sweetness,

Shall brim our hearts with spirit-wine, outpoured beside
the hearth.

So steal your little hand in mine, while twilight falters
down,—

That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny
brown,—

The hand which points the path to heaven, yet makes a
heaven of earth.

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES.

WILLIAM GORDON MCCABE.

I PICTURE her there in the quaint old room,
When the fading firelight starts and falls,
Alone in the twilight's tender gloom
With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls.

Alone, while those faces look silently down
From their antique frames in a grim repose,—
Slight scholarly Ralph in his Oxford gown,
And stout Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold,
There are smiling beauties in powdered hair,
But she sits there, fairer a thousand-fold,
Leaning dreamily back in her low arm-chair.

And the roseate shadows of fading light,
Softly clear, steal over the sweet young face,
Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night
With the guileless pride of a haughty race.

Her hands lie clasped in a listless way
On the old romance—which she holds on her knee—
Of *Tristram*, the bravest of knights in the fray,
And *Iseult*, who waits by the sounding sea.

And her proud, dark eyes wear a softened look,
As she watches the dying embers fall,—
Perhaps she dreams of the knight in the book,
Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall.

What fancies, I wonder, are thronging her brain,
For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson glow !
Perhaps—Ah ! me, how foolish and vain !
But I'd give my life to believe it so.

Well, whether I ever march home again
To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men,
I'll be true to the end all the same.

TWO PICTURES.

MRS. MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

I.

I AM watching for my ship, which is sailing o'er time's sea,
And wondrous are the treasures she is bringing home to
me ;

For the richest of the cargoes that cross the Indian main
Are nothing to the treasures of my castles built in Spain.
From them my ship is laden, and is bringing in her hold
Imagination's spices, frankincense, and myrrh, and gold ;
Her sails are woven fancies, and bright wishes twine each
rope,

Though calms delay her passage, her helm is held by
Hope ;

I see her in the distance with her snowy sails all set,
And am counting on the riches she'll surely bring me yet.

II.

The tide of life is ebbing, yet my ship is still at sea,
I'm watching now for others, for she'll never land for me.
Hope gave the helm to Duty when the barque was tempest-
tost,

And amid life's shoals and breakers the vessel nearly lost.
The sails are gray and ashen, every rope is worn and thin,
And she has no spicy cargo her shattered hold within.
And ruined are the castles that once I built in Spain,
And I can load no vessels at their golden gates again.

Yet in the hazy distance a coming sail I spy,
And I'm watching for my ship, and shall watch until I die ;
For though she brings no riches, frankincense, or myrrh,
or gold,

With *Mother-Love* she's laden as full as she can hold.

GUY DE MAYNE.

SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

FROM the lofty niche within the wall,
 Here in the dusky, time-worn hall,
 Here, away in a foreign land,
 Thou lookest downward, calm and grave,
 In corselet bright, and helm, and glaive,
 And a single gem on thy hand ;
 And glancing up by the embers' flame
 In ancient cyphers, worn with age,
 Such as cumber a missal's page,—
 Quaintly carved on the ebon frame
 Slowly again I read thy name,—

“ *Guy de Mayne !* ”

I know it not, nor who thou wert,
 It is not on tradition's page,
 Nor yet thy lineage, or degree,
 Nor what thy history may be ;
 All are alike unknown to me,—
 Vanished things of another age.
 Yet while thy race hath seen decay,
 And their very name hath passed away,—
 For power is fleeting and wealth is vain,—
 Upon thy face I look to-day,
 Seeming here in the firelight's ray
 As in those ages past away,
 And musingly read o'er again

“ *Guy de Mayne !* ”

Methinks that never a warrior's soul
 Hath looked with a prouder gaze than thine ;
 That never a poet's brow hath worn
 So deep a sadness, so still a scorn,
 As from those eyes outshine :

And thy brow is fair as the winter snow,—
Though the bearded face be bronzed below,—

Scarred and bronzed to a tawny stain,
Telling, in record plain and true,
Of many a toil thou hast passèd through,
Of storm and battle, of sun and rain ;
For sure am I, by that corselet bright,
And those haughty eyes' unclouded light,
Thou wert no dainty carpet-knight,

Guy de Mayne !

I would that those silent lips might tell
Of the deeds of daring thy hand hath done ;
That I might read in those earnest eyes,
Where now the spirit in stillness lies,
How fierce the fury that in them shone
When thou wert rushing to battle on,
Waving on high the gleaming brand,
Saxon and Norman, hand to hand !
Methinks e'en I could danger dare

And forth to battle as fearless ride,
Were I some dame of the olden time

And thou a brother by my side,

Guy de Mayne !

And when thou didst a-wooing go,

I know the change upon that face,

The softened mien, the knightly grace,
The tender accents, breathing low.
And didst thou wed some lady fair,

Or prove her falsehood's evil power ?
Or fall in the flush of thy young renown,
Or die in peaceful bower ?

'Tis fancy all, and idle thought,

And well I know such dreams are vain ;

Yet in my heart and in my brain,
Where many a waking dream is wrought,

That warrior-mien and poet-glance
Have woven a spell of strange romance ;
And many an hour, as all alone
I muse before the broad hearthstone,
I upward glance, and start to see
That form of knightly chivalry ;
Then, turning, murmur with a sigh,
“ Oh, for the glorious days gone by,—
The proud and stirring days of old,
When knights were brave and ladies fair,
And hearts and hands were strong to dare,
As in the olden records told :
That they and thou could come again,
Guy de Mayne !”

ENDYMION.

SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY WEISS.

I STARTED from a troubled dream,
The fancy of a summer night,
As through my open window shone
A broad and silver light.

It was the placid orb of night,
It was the slow uprising moon,
Now waxing with a queenly grace
Unto her highest noon.

And slowly crept her silver beam
Upon my brow, across my breast ;
I almost felt her fingers cold
Upon my forehead pressed.

I almost deemed her chilly touch
Had rippled o'er my loosened hair,

As on the sultry summer night
Came in the balmy air.

And musing, to myself I said,
As fair the silver circle shone,
" 'Twas thus, on such a summer night,
She woke Endymion."

I watched her as she higher rose,
Until her silver disk was gone,
And turning on my pillow, dreamed
Of young Endymion.

And never till that summer night,
While dreaming thus, so fancy free,
Had that poetic legend seemed
So beautiful to me.

I saw the young Endymion
Asleep upon the mountain laid,
While lightly o'er his cheek and brow
The clustering ringlets strayed.

I saw the beauteous goddess stand
Half shrinking by the sleeper's side,
And all subdued, as only love
Could tame her maiden pride.

So timid proud she seemed to be,
So bashful in her queenly grace.
I felt my own cheek blush and burn
While gazing in her face.

I saw her forward slowly bend ;
I trembled for the goddess' sake,
Lest, roused by some magnetic thrill
The sleeper should awake.

I saw her touch the marble brow,
I saw her press the parted lips,
And, starting from my dream, I woke,
As in the moon's eclipse.

Yet met I, as a meteor's flash,
The large eyes of the wondering boy,
Illumed as with a sudden bliss,
A rapture-thrill of joy.

And musing, to myself I said,
As slowly flushed the rosy dawn,
"There is no sweeter dream than that
Of young Endymion."

THE STAB.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

ON the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold, white moon,
Under the ragged trees, he strode ;
He whistled and shifted his heavy load,—
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step, timed with his own,
A figure that stooped and bowed ;
A cold, white blade that gleamed and shone,
Like a splinter of daylight downward thrown ;
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good,
The barn-cock woke and crowed ;
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood ;
And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood
That a dead man lay on the road.

ELEVEN YEARS AGO.

JULIA BACON.

ELEVEN years ago, Janet,
Eleven years ago,
I was a merry-hearted lass,
No sorrow did I know.
My life was one bright summer dream,
And Robin was my beau ;
Say, do you mind the time, Janet,
Eleven years ago ?

I rambled in the wood, Janet,
To cull the flowers fair,
For well I knew who liked to see
Them braided in my hair.
I sat beside the tinkling rill,
Its gentle, soothing flow
Spoke to my soul of him, Janet,
Eleven years ago.

The birds that trill'd their lays, Janet,
Sang sweetly to my ear,
Of coming joys and happiness,
Unclouded by a fear ;
And echo caught the wild refrain ;
'Twas in my heart I know,
But still the song was sweet, Janet,
Eleven years ago.

I loved the birds and brooks, Janet,
And loved young Robin, too ;
I loved his cheerful, handsome face,
And tender eyes of blue ;

And wavy locks and sunny smile,
And voice so soft and low,
When telling me his love, Janet,
Eleven years ago.

Think you his words were true, Janet?
And meant he what he said,
That no one else he'd ever love,
And no one else he'd wed?
That I was all the world to him,
Because he loved me so?
Was he in earnest then, Janet,
Eleven years ago?

Oh, yes, for he was true, Janet,
And honest, proud, and brave;
Ah, me! perhaps he's sleeping now,
Cold in a distant grave.
He left us for the western land
When roses were in blow,
To seek his fortune there, Janet,
Eleven years ago.

He said he'd make a home, Janet,
A home for him and me,
An humble one; but, blest with love,
It would a palace be;
Where forest minstrels music make
And wild azaleas grow;
He promised this and more, Janet,
Eleven years ago.

For him I'm waiting still, Janet,
But fear I wait in vain;
He's either dead or loves me not,
And ne'er will come again.

No letters from him now at all,
What can it mean? Heigh-ho!
Minds he the vows we pledged, Janet,
Eleven years ago?

Hark! rapping loud, I hear, Janet,
Somebody at the door,
And creaking boots with heavy tread
Upon the sanded floor.
I see a bearded, sunburnt man,
His face I do not know,
Would 'twere the one I loved, Janet,
Eleven years ago.

He smiles—'tis ROBIN! Oh, Janet!
He calls me by my name,
And folds me in his loving arms,
And tells me he's the same.
He's changed in looks, but that is all,
Not changed in heart, oh, no;
He loves me as he did, Janet,
Eleven years ago.

WE MET.

LAURA GWYN.

WE met in the month of roses,
When the sweet, blind god went by,
And he held in his hand a jewel
That we coveted, you and I.
True Love was the name of the treasure,
And we thought, if 'twere only ours,
The June days would last forever,
And the breath of the sweet June flowers.

But the gift that the blind god gave us
Was a fair false gem, you know,
And we grieved for a little season
To think he had cheated us so.
We wasted our hearts with sighing,
We darkened our youth with wrong,
And we walked through the pleasant June-time
Unmindful of flowers or song.

But now that the years are many
That have buried our bright June day,
And with it our fair, false jewel,
And with it our roses gay,
We smile, and can hardly remember
Whether Love's hair, so bright,
Was the color of gleaming amber
Or the ebony hue of night.

Old Time with his wand hath touched us
As he wandered cheerily by,
And we draw from our hearts' lost June-time
A song instead of a sigh.
We forget ; we join hands lightly,
We meet as we met before,
We gather the new-come roses
And think of the past no more.

So with Love we will wage no quarrel,
In our hearts we can softly say,
"It is best in the end that he gave us
The false fair gem that day."
And we think we are something wiser,
For now we begin to agree,
That if Love is a cunning miser,
Sweet Friendship his heir may be.

TO MARY.

JOHN ARCHER CLARKE.

ABSENT from thee, the hours roll by
Like wearied camels on their march
Across great deserts dusty and dry
From winds that wither, suns that parch :
In dreams, 'tis true, we fondly meet ;
Thy gentle hand I sometimes press,
And what to me is far more sweet,
I melt in thy soft and pure caress.

But this is dreaming, and I wake
To find myself deceived—deluded ;
To see these bright imaginings break
Away, as though they had intruded ;
Like foreign birds I've often seen,
While wending on their journeys long,
Who stop awhile on tree and green,
Then seek their native land of song.

Absent from thee, I would that I
In thy young presence, by thy side,
Not knowing grief or pain or sigh,
Could engage thy heart, thy hope, thy pride.
With thee forever—my companion thou—
Thine to love—thy love requite—
To keep inviolate our mutual vow,
Would be my fondest, chief delight.

I never loved till when my gaze
Met thine so tranquil, sweet, and pure ;
Ah, me ! I thought to spend my days
With her were happiness to secure.

Thy face and form ! they seemed to me
Ideal beauty, such as mine eye
Had ne'er before been taught to see,—
The reality of art and poetry.

Then we met—thy form and face
Like Hebe's chiselled, but more fair,
Became forgot in the purer grace
Of mind and heart—those virtues rare.
I felt I loved—my bosom thrilled ;
My thoughts arose to endless joy ;
My reveries now seemed all fulfilled,
The dreams I've had since when a boy.

Canst thou repel me, then, when I
Shall ask the favor of thy hand ;
Or let fond *yes* be thy reply
And make me yours to love—command ?
To live with thee—enjoy through time
A summer time, rose-clad and bright,
Like that we read in poet's rhyme,
An Aidenn world—all, all, delight !

MY CASTLE.

S. NEWTON BERRYHILL.

THEY do not know who sneer at me because I'm poor and
lame,
And, round my brow has never twined the laurel wreath
of fame,—
They do not know that I possess a castle old and grand,
With many an acre broad attached of fair and fertile land ;

With hills and dales, and lakes and streams, and fields of
waving grain,
And snowy flocks, and lowing herds, that browse upon the
plain.

In sooth, it is a good demesne—how would my scorners
stare,

Could they behold the splendors of my castle in the air !

The room in which I'm sitting now is smoky, bare, and
cold,

But I have gorgeous, stately chambers in my palace old.
Rich paintings, by the grand old masters, hang upon the
wall,

And marble busts and statues stand around the spacious
hall.

A chandelier of silver pure, and golden lamps illume,
With rosy lights, on festal nights, the great reception
room,

When wisdom, genius, beauty, wit, are all assembled
there,

And strains of sweetest music fill my CASTLE IN THE AIR.

About the castle grounds ten thousand kinds of flowers
bloom,

And freight each passing zephyr with a load of sweet
perfume.

Thick clumps of green umbrageous trees afford a cool
retreat,

Where oft I steal me, when the sun pours down his
scorching heat,

And there, upon a mossy bank, recline the livelong day,
And watch the murmuring fountains in their marble basin
play ;

Or listen to the song of birds, with plumage bright and
rare,

Which flit among the trees around my CASTLE IN THE
AIR.

Sometimes the mistress of my castle sits beside me there,
With dark-blue eyes so full of love, and sunny silken hair,
With broad, fair, classic brow, where genius sheds his
 purest ray,
And little dimpled rosy mouth, where smiles forever play.
Ah ! she is very dear to me ; her maiden heart alone
Returned my soul's deep love, and beat responsive to my
 own ;
And I chose her for my spirit-bride,—this maiden young
 and fair,—
And now she reigns sole mistress of my CASTLE IN THE
 AIR.

The banks may break and stocks may fall, the Cræsus
 of to-day
May see to-morrow all his wealth, like snow, dissolve
 away,
And th' auctioneer, at panic price, to the highest bidder
 sell
His marble home, in which a king might well be proud to
 dwell.
But in my castle in the air I have a sure estate,
No panic, with its hydra-head, can e'er depreciate.
No hard-faced sheriff dares to levy execution there,
For universal law exempts a CASTLE IN THE AIR.

THE THANE'S SAYING.

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON.

OUT of the stress and the strain
 Of a stormy night,
OUT of the cold and the rain
 Into the light

Of Earth's Walhalla,
Cometh the swallow.
 Oh, dreary flight !
The blast through the open casement flings
The little bird with its weary wings.

Out of the darkness he came
 To this banquet hall,
Where the torches all aflame
 Flare on the wall ;
And ribald laughter
Shaketh the rafter,
 And jest and brawl
And the wine-cup and wassail wax high ;
Whither away shall the small bird fly ?

Dazed by the glow and the glare,
 And the stifling smoke
Of torch and cresset that flare,
 And smouldering oak
Wildly he flieth,
Faintly he crieth,
 Till all the folk
Look to behold what the end shall be
Of this piteous birdling's tragedy.

But out through a window wide
 Of the noisy room,
The tired pinions swiftly glide
 Into the gloom ;
So no man knoweth
Whither he goeth
 Beyond the tomb.
Here the soul fluttereth, its past forgot,
And whither it soareth, it seeth not.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

HENRY T. STANTON.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth ?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
When the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive ?
Is there no place at all, where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door ?
Ah ! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man !

Go, look in yon hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the rich-hanging velvet in shadowy fold
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold ;
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long, lighted vistas the 'wondering view :
Go there, at the banquet, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man !

Go, look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin ;
Walk down the long aisles, see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate ;
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew to a moneyless man !

Go, look in the banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold ;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore !

Walk up to their counters ; ah ! there you may stay,
'Till your limbs shall grow old, 'till your hairs grow gray,
And you'll find at the banks not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man !

Go, look to yon judge, in his dark-flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down ;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right while he justifies wrong ;
Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict they've already made :
Go there, in the court-room, and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man !

Then go to your hovel, no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread ;
Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost :
Then turn, in your agony, upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod ;
And you'll find, at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man !

DIXIE.

FANNIE DOWNING.

CREATED by a nation's glee,
With jest and song and revelry,
We sang it in our early pride
Throughout our Southern borders wide ;
While from ten thousand throats rang out
A promise in one glorious shout,
"To live or die for Dixie !"

How well that promise was redeemed
Is witnessed by each field where gleamed
Victorious like the crest of Mars,—
The banner of the Cross and Stars ;
The cannon lay our warriors low,
We fill the ranks, and onward go,
 “To live or die for Dixie !”

To die for Dixie ! Oh, how blessed
Are those who early went to rest,
Nor knew the future's awful store,
But deemed the cause they fought for sure
As heaven itself ; and so laid down
The cross of earth for glory's crown,
 And nobly died for Dixie.

To live for Dixie ! Harder part !
To stay the hand, to still the heart,
To seal the lips, enshroud the past,
To have no future—all o'er cast ;
To knit life's broken threads again,
And keep her mem'ry pure from stain,
 This is to live for Dixie !

Belovèd land ! belovèd song !
Your thrilling power shall last as long—
Enshrined within each Southern soul—
As Time's eternal ages roll :
Made holier by the test of years,
Baptizèd with our country's tears,—
 God and the right for Dixie !

THE LESSON OF THE LEAF.

CHARLES W. HUBNER.

" We all do fade as the leaf."

Who scoffs these sympathies
Makes mock of the divinity within ;
Nor feels he, gently breathing through his soul,
The universal spirit.

IN sun- and starlight shimmering,
And fanned by zephyr's silken wing,
Ah ! what a blithe and beauteous thing,
Dead leaf, wert thou ;
All through the summer's merry time,
Rejoicing still, or rain or shine,
Upon the bough.

Resplendent o'er thine airy home
Arose the sky's majestic dome ;
Had never king upon the throne
Such canopy !
The bliss divine of sun and moon,
Of stars, and song, and fragrant bloom,
Was given to thee.

And blew from east, or blew from west,
Sudden the wanton, whirling blast,
Thy trembling, tender form to wrest
From its frail hold,
As for his child a father would,
The oak the tempest's wrath withstood,
And held thee and thy sisterhood
Safe in the fold.

So pure, so gay, so fair a sprite !
Born of the season of delight,
With all the winsome grace bedight
It could bestow.

Ah ! who that saw thee in thy prime
Thought of the fate that would be thine,
And that the deadly hand of Time
Would lay thee low ?

How short thy life, how soon decay
Its light and beauty swept away,
" To dumb forgetfulness a prey "
For evermore !
Thy dust, blown by the whistling wind,
In the cold earth will burial find
With myriad millions of thy kind
Long gone before.

A wind-blown, worthless thing, and yet
More costly than a coronet
To him who in his heart shall set
The golden thought
Which, like a precious jewel, lies
Beneath thy perishing disguise,
The magic stone the worldly-wise
So long have sought.

Like thine our youth is fresh and green,
Our summer time a merry scene ;
The sky is bright with wondrous sheen,
Our path with flowers ;
What splendor circles our estate !
How leaps the heart, with hope elate !
How little do we dream of fate
And wintry hours !

But well thou tellest, little leaf,
Life's pride is vain, its glory brief !
Cold blow the whirling blasts of grief,
And lay us low ;
Death comes to palace and to cot ;
Our dust will share the common lot,
And, oh, how soon it is forgot
Beneath the snow !

Learn from the lesson of the leaf
That death is sure, that life is brief ;
And foolish he whose ear is deaf,
And hath not caught
With subtle sense the solemn sound,
The perfect harmony profound
Of Nature, lifting round by round
The soul to God.

ZOLLICOFFER.

HARRY LYNDEN FLASH.

FIRST in the fight, and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell the story.

For the blood that flowed from his hero heart,
On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament
In the holy cause he cherished.

In heaven a home with the brave and blest,
And for his soul's sustaining
The atoning blood of his Saviour, Christ,
And nothing on earth remaining

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice,—
A name in song and story,
And fame to shout with immortal voice,
“*Dead on the field of glory.*”

WHAT SHE BROUGHT ME.

HARRY LYNDEN FLASH.

THIS faded flower that you see
Was given me, a year ago,
By one whose little dainty hand
Is whiter than the snow.

Her eyes are blue as violets,
And she's a blonde, and very fair,
And sunset-tints are not as bright
As is her golden hair.

And there are roses in her cheeks
That come and go like living things;
Her voice is softer than the brook's
That flows from hidden springs.

She gave it me with downcast eyes
And rosy flushes of the cheek,
That told of tender thoughts her tongue
Had never learned to speak.

The fitting words had just been said,
And she was mine as long as life,
I gently laid the flower aside
And kissed my blushing wife.

She took it up with earnest look
And said, "Oh, prize the flower,"—
And tender tears were in her eyes,—
"It is my only dower."

She brought me faith, and hope, and truth ;
She brought me gentle thoughts and love,
A soul as pure as those that float
Around the throne above.

But earthly things she nothing had,
Except this faded flower you see ;
And, though 'tis worthless in your eyes,
'Tis very dear to me.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

JOHN DICKSON BRUNS, M.D.

THE wild-eyed March has come again,
With frightened face and flying feet,
And hands just loosed from winter's chain,
Outstretched reluctant spring to greet.

From her bleak hills across the lea
She sweeps, with tresses backward blown,
And far out on the homeless sea
The maddened billows hear her moan.

The leaves are whirled in eddying drifts,
Or hunted down the barren wold,
Where timidly the crocus lifts
Her shaken cup of green and gold.

Above the dark pool's ruffled breast
The swallow skims on glancing wing,
And from yon brown elm's towering crest
I hear the amorous mockbird sing ;

It leans above the gabled roof
That crowns the long hill's fallow side,
A summer shelter shower-proof,
When June shall flaunt her leafy pride ;

But naked yet, in wintry guise,
Its trailing mosses sweep the ground,
The bare trunk lifted to the skies,
A mark for many a league around.

His sire had planted it, when first
He made this woodland wild his own ;
Beneath its boughs his youth was nursed,
And with its growth himself had grown

To manhood and to riper years,
One on whom God had set his sign,
The well-beloved of all his peers,
But by the poor deemed half divine.

The good old Doctor ! mild as wise,
With pleasant jest for all he met,
The kindly humor in his eyes
Flashed through the lips so gravely set.

Firm hand, big heart, and ample brain
Toughened by battles fought and won,
Scarred with the wind and winter rain,
And bronzed by many a summer sun.

Not largely learned in useless lore,
Nor dully studious overmuch,
Saved by the sturdy wit he bore
From making other's wit his crutch.

But many a childing mother owned
His ready skill, and many a wife,
Whose hope or stay in anguish groaned,
Owed to his care some precious life.

All perilous soundings in his chart
Were pricked by faithful memory ;
He knew the limits of his art
As seamen know the unfathomed sea.

And every season, when to sow
Each several seed in order due ;
And of the wilding weeds that grow,
The hidden use of each he knew.

All earnest faith he held as good,
The path of honor plain and broad ;
His simple creed, best understood,
Was duty unto man and God.

Not passing with averted face
The wayfarer fallen by the road,
Naked, and bruised, and in disgrace,
Fainting beneath life's heavy load ;

Into his wounds the oil he poured,
Gave food and wine for benison,
Nor, though his pouch was illy stored,
Forgot the pence to help him on.

When civic strife ran fierce and high,
His was the storm-assuaging speech
That bade the wordy tumult die,
And linked the neighbors each to each.

So, walking in this narrow round
Of homeliest cares and use, at best,
His days with simple pleasures crowned,
Had moved him to his honored rest ;

When suddenly a darkness fell
Black as the fall of thickest night,
As though some fiend from nether hell
Had come between us and God's light.

From both its brooding pinions oozed
The ghastly dews of pestilence,
A stealthy horror that confused
The brain, and palsied every sense.

Where'er the lowering tempest broke,
Terror and doom were on the wind ;
The crowded cities felt the stroke,
And want and famine stalked behind.

As rose the long, wild wail of woe,
By lake and river, plain and hill,
The Yellow Death swept on, and, lo !
A land of corpses—stark and chill.

Then, at the summons, stepping down,
By ne'er one selfish thought delayed,
Where racked with pain, the stricken town
Stretched forth its fevered hands for aid,

Or where, with anguish looking up,
The cowering hamlet, kneeling there,
Drank to the dregs the bitter cup
That might not pass for any prayer,

He moved, like some supernal guest
With healing in his wings and balm
To bring the tortured body rest,
And to the spirit whisper calm.

Where misery crouched in darkest den,
With foulest squalor grim and gaunt,
He only saw his fellow-men,
And knew the largest claim in want ;

Felt the fierce poison in his vein,
Saw o'er his head the impending sword,
And fronting fate, in high disdain,
Fell at his post without a word.

When winter frosts had purged the lands,
And bleak December winds were shrill,
They bore him back with reverent hands
To his old home upon the hill.

The spring will dress his narrow bed
With all the wild flowers that he loved,
And 'round his rest a fragrance shed
Pure as that virtue he approved ;

And fainting in the dusky tree
That rocks above his dreamless sleep,
With drowsy hum of murmurous bee,
A solemn hush will summer keep ;

And autumn feed with thousand rills
The drouth of willow-margined streams,
And touch the sadness of the hills
With crimson and with golden gleams ;

But, evermore, all hours that bring
Or summer light, or winter gloom,
Will pass by on unheeded wing
Nor pause to note his nameless tomb.

What needs his name ? or any name
Of those brave hearts that with him died ?
They battled not for fee or fame,
Our loyal brothers ! true and tried.

Enough if standing by his grave,
In some far twilight's fading day,
One tender soul he died to save,
Remembering all he was, shall say,—

“ Here sleeps beneath his native soil,
Who, since his manhood's work began,
Gave all his days of useful toil
And, at the last, his life for man.”

A GANGES DREAM.

THEO. H. HILL.

FREIGHTED with fruits, aflush with flowers,—
Oblations to offended powers,—
What fairy-like flotillas gleam
At night on Brahma's sacred stream ;

The while, ashore, on bended knees,
Benighted Hindoo devotees
Sue for their silvery, silken sails
The advent of auspicious gales.
Such gorgeous pageant I have seen
Drift down the Ganges while I stood
Within the banian's bosky screen
And gazed on his transfigured flood.
Around each consecrated bark
That sailed into the outer dark
What lambent lights those lanterns gave !
What opalescent mazes played
Reduplicated on the wave,
While, to and fro, like censers swayed,
They made it luminous to glass
Their fleeting splendors ere they pass !

O'er each, as shimmering it swung,
A haze of crimson halo hung,
Begirt by folds of billowy mist,
Suffused with purpling amethyst.
From these still fainter halos flung,
Lent each to some refracted zone
Hues of a lustre not its own,
Till, satellite of satellite,
Eluding my bewildered sight
In gloomier eddies of the stream,
Retained no more a borrowed beam.
Thus, one by one, their sparkling sails
Distended by Sabea gales,
I saw those votive vessels glide,
Resplendent, o'er the swelling tide,
While each, with its attendant shade,
Or dusk or radiant ripples made ;
These flashing into fiery bloom,
Those smouldering into garnet gloom !

All this I saw, or else, at night,
Pursuing Fancy in her flight,
I paused beneath what seemed to be
The umbrage of a banian-tree,
And down the Ganges of a dream
Beheld that gay flotilla gleam.

It seems to me but yesterday
Since off the beach of promise lay
The brilliant barges Hope had wrought
And young Desire had richly fraught
(Alas! how soon such tissues fade !)
With fragile stuffs whence dreams are made !
Proud owner of that fleet, I stood
Gazing on the transfigured flood,
And saw its constellated sails
Expanded by propitious gales,
Till shallop after shallop flew,
As fresher yet the breezes blew,
In joyous quest of full fruition,
To swift and terrible perdition !

Some, in life's vernal equinox,
O'er desperate seas to wreck were driven,
And others struck on sunken rocks,
Or, in the night, by lightning riven,
Burned to the water's edge ; while they
That, not unscathed, though still unshattered,
Survived the storm, were wildly scattered.
One only kept its destined way,
To sink—no friendly consort near—
In sight of port, at close of day,
When seas were calm and skies were clear !

AN IRISH FAIRY STORY.

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

“GOOD mother, from your wayside hut,
Wise with your ninety years,
Tell me a fairy story ; but
First wring out all the tears ;
For I am hurt beyond the skill
Of leech, hurt with a knife
That seems, in sooth, but slow to kill,—
Good mother, hurt with life !”

“My lady, sure you are but sad,
Yet it's a merry day.
I'm not too wrinkled to be glad
(And you are not yet gray).
It's long, long yet I hope to live,
For God is good, I'm told,
And life's the best He has to give ;
I'm thankful to be old.

“Yes, God is good, I'm told. You see,
I cannot read. But, then,
I can believe. He's good to me,
He is, and good to men.
They say He sends us sorrow, too.
The world would be too sweet
To leave, if this should not be true.”
 (“The world the moth can eat.”)

“He keeps my little cabin there
Safe when the sea-wind blows.
When I was young He let me wear
Upon my cheeks a rose ;

And then it was He sent a youth,
The handsomest, you'd own,
On all the Irish coast. . . . In truth,
It's much I've lived alone,

"My lady, since that long black night
His fishing-boat went down.
My boy that kept my heart so light
Had work there in the town ;
A lovely boy ! such gold-like hair ;
All curls !" (Her eyes grew dim.)
"Christ keep him ! He is quiet there
With daisies over him."

She hushed, and turned to go inside.
An earthen floor, ah, me !
A heap of straw (the door was wide)
Was all that I could see.
Yet on the little window, low,
A bright geranium grew ;
"That's for my boy, he loved them so ;
He loved these thrushes, too."

"Good mother——" "Sure but things go ill
In our poor country. Yet
He gives me bread and shelter still ;
It's me He'll not forget."
We parted, for the light was low ;
I turned and looked around :
Lord of us all, can heart's-ease grow
In such a plot of ground ?

MY BABES IN THE WOOD.

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

I KNOW a story, fairer, dimmer, sadder,
Than any story painted in your books.
You are so glad? It will not make you gladder;
Yet listen, with your pretty, restless looks.

“Is it a fairy story?” Well, half fairy,—
At least it dates far back as fairies do,
And seems to me as beautiful and airy;
Yet half, perhaps the fairy half, is true.

You had a baby sister and a brother
(Two very dainty people, rosy white,
Each sweeter than all things except the other!)
Older yet younger, gone from human sight!

And I, who loved them, and shall love them ever,
And think with yearning tears how each light hand
Crept towards bright bloom or berries, I shall never
Know how I lost them. Do you understand?

Poor sightly golden heads! I think I missed them
First, in some dreamy, piteous, doubtful way;
But when and where with lingering lips I kissed them,
My gradual parting, I can never say.

Sometimes I fancy that they may have perished
In shadowy quiet of wet rocks and moss,
Near paths whose very pebbles I have cherished,
For their small sakes, since my most lovely loss.

I fancy, too, that they were softly covered
By robins, out of apple-flowers they knew,

Whose nursing wings in far home sunshine hovered,
Before the timid world had dropped the dew.

Their names were—what yours are ! At this you wonder.
Their pictures are—your own, as you have seen ;
And my bird-buried darlings, hidden under
Lost leaves—why, it is your dead selves I mean !

THE FAVORITE OF FIVE.

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

WHICH of five snowdrops would the moon
Think whitest, if the moon could see ?
Which of five rosebuds flushed with June
Were reddest to the mother-tree ?
Which of five birds that play one tune
On their soft shining throats, may be
Chief singer ? Who will answer me ?

Would not the moon know, if around
One snowdrop any shadow lay ?
Would not the rosetree, if the ground
Should let one rosebud droop a day ?
Does not the one bird take a sound
Into the cloud, when caught away,
Finer than all the sounds that stay ?

Oh, little quiet boy of mine,
Whose yellow head lies languid here ;
Poor yellow head, its restless shine
Brightened the butterflies last year !
Whose pretty hands may intertwine
With paler hands unseen, but near :
You are my favorite now, I fear !

AFTER WINGS.

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

THIS was your butterfly, you see.
His fine wings made him vain.
The caterpillars crawl, but he
Pass'd them in rich disdain.
My pretty boy says, " Let him be
Only a worm again !"

Oh, child, when things have learn'd to wear
Wings once, they must be fain
To keep them always high and fair.
Think of the creeping pain
Which even a butterfly must bear
To be a worm again !

CREED.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND (XARIFFA).

I BELIEVE if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids while I lie
Cold, dead, and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the isles of death
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of thee it ever loved in life so much,
And throb again, warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe if on my grave,
Hidden in woody deeps or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of thy dear grief
Some fair sweet blossom would leap into leaf,
To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hills of night
And gather stars like fagots, till thy sight,
Led by the beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe my faith in thee
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of time,
As thee unworth the worship thou hast won.

I believe who hath not loved
Hath half the sweetness of his life unproved,
Like one who with the grape within his grasp
Drops it with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet immortal dew
That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk,—
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown jewel, Love, of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

FAR up the lonely mountain-side
My wandering footsteps led ;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
The pine sighed overhead.
The trace of a dismantled fort
Lay in the forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path
I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed
Upon the lowly mound,
The simple headboard, rudely writ,
Had rotted to the ground ;
I raised it with a reverent hand,
From dust its words to clear,
But time had blotted all but these—
“ A Georgia Volunteer ! ”

I saw the toad and scaly snake
From tangled covert start,
And hide themselves among the weeds
Above the dead man's heart ;
But undisturbed, in sleep profound,
Unheeding, there he lay ;
His coffin but the mountain soil,
His shroud Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll
Along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise
Towards the realms of snow.

The "Valley Campaign" rose to mind,—
Its leader's name,—and then
I knew the sleeper had been one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say?
Whose tongue will ever tell
What desolated hearths and hearts
Have been because he fell?
What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair,
Her hair which he held dear?—
One lock of which, perchance, lies with
The Georgia Volunteer!

What mother, with long watching eyes
And white lips cold and dumb,
Waits with appalling patience for
Her darling boy to come?
Her boy! whose mountain grave swells up
But one of many a scar
Cut on the face of our fair land
By gory-handed war.

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore,
Are all unknown to fame;
Remember, on his lonely grave
There is not e'en a name!
That he fought well and bravely, too,
And held his country dear,
We know, else he had never been
A Georgia Volunteer.

He sleeps—what need to question now
If he were wrong or right?
He knows ere this whose cause was just
In God the Father's sight.

He wields no warlike weapons now,
Returns no foeman's thrust,—
Who but a coward would revile
An honest soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll,
Adown thy rocky glen,
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.
Beneath the cedar and the pine,
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies
A Georgia Volunteer.

A WOMAN'S WISH.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

WOULD I were lying in a field of clover,
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the leash of Worry,
In eager haste, from Thought's impatient neck,
And watch it coursing, in its heedless hurry
Disdaining Wisdom's call or Duty's beck!

Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are meeting
And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's sturdy beating,
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast,

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a wild bird's song!
Our souls require at times this full unsheathing,—
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too long;

And I am tired,—so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands find to do !
I yearn, I faint, for some of life's free beauty,
Its loose beads with no straight string running through !

Aye, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech ;
But women sometimes die of such a greed,—
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need !

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

ELIZA P. NICHOLSON.

TREAD lightly,—'tis a soldier's grave,
A lonely, mossy mound,—
And yet, to hearts like mine and thine,
It should be holy ground.

Speak softly ; let no careless laugh,
No idle, thoughtless jest,
Escape your lips, where sweetly sleeps
The hero in his rest.

For him no reveille shall beat
When morning beams shall come ;
For him, at night, no tattoo rolls
Its thunder from the drum.

No costly marble marks the place,
Recording deeds of fame,
But rudely on that bending tree
Is carved the soldier's name.

A name not dear to us, but, ah !
There may be lips that breathe
That name as sacredly and low
As vesper prayers at eve.

There may be brows that wear for him
The mourning cypress vine ;
And hearts that make this lonely grave
A holy pilgrim shrine.

There may be eyes that joyed to gaze
With love into his own,
Now keeping midnight vigils long
With silent grief alone.

There may be hands now clasped in prayer
This soldier's hand has pressed ;
And cheeks washed pale by sorrow's tears,
His own cold cheek caressed.

Tread lightly ; for a man bequeathed,
Ere laid beneath this sod,
His ashes to his native land,
His gallant soul to God !

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

ABRAM J. RYAN (FATHER RYAN).

FURL that Banner, for 'tis weary ;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary ;
Furl it, fold it, it is best ;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,

And there's not one left to lave it ,
In the blood which heroes gave it ;
And its foes now scorn and brave it ;
Furl it, hide it, let it rest !

Take that Banner down ! 'tis tattered ;
Broken is its staff and shattered ;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh ! 'tis hard for us to fold it ;
Hard to think there's none to hold it ;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner ! furl it sadly !
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave ;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave !

Furl it ! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low ;
And that Banner—it is trailing !
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it !
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it !
Weep for those who fell before it !
Pardon those who trailed and tore it !
But, oh ! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner ! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
 Though its folds are in the dust :
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,—
 Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly !
Treat it gently—it is holy—
 For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
 For its people's hopes are fled !

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

ABRAM J. RYAN (FATHER RYAN).

FORTH from its scabbard, pure and bright,
 Flashed the sword of Lee !
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
 Led us to Victory !

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
 It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
 Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
 Beneath Virginia's sky ;
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
 To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard ! Never hand
 Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for brighter land,
Nor brighter land had cause so grand,
 Nor cause a chief like Lee !

Forth from its scabbard ! How we prayed
 That sword might victor be ;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
 Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
 Bright flashed the sword of Lee ;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
 Proudly and peacefully.

THE CAMEO BRACELET.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

EVA sits on the ottoman there,
 Sits by a Psyche carved in stone,
With just such a face and just such an air
 As Esther upon her throne.

She's sifting lint for the brave who bled,
And I watch her fingers float and flow
Over the linen, as thread by thread
It flakes to her lap like snow.

A bracelet clinks on her delicate wrist,
Wrought as Cellini's were at Rome,
Out of the tears of the amethyst
And the wan Vesuvian foam.

And full on the bauble-crest alway,
A cameo image, keen and fine,
Gleams thy impetuous knife, Corday,
And the lava-locks are thine.

I thought of the war-wolves on our trail,
Their gaunt fangs sluiced with gouts of blood,
Till the Past, in a dead, mesmeric veil,
Drooped with its wizard flood ;

Till the surly blaze through the iron bars
Shot to the hearth with a pang and cry,
While a lank howl plunged from the Champ de Mars
To the Column of July ;

Till Corday sprang from the gem, I swear,
And the dove-eyed damsel I knew had flown ;
For Eva was not on the ottoman there
By Psyche carved in stone.

She grew like a Pythoness, flushed with fate,
'Mid the incantation in her gaze,
A lip of scorn, an arm of hate,
A dirge of the Marseillaise !

Eva, the vision was not wild
When wreaked on the tyrants of the land ;
For you were transfigured to Nemesis, child,
With the dagger in your hand !

MY MARYLAND.

JAMES R. RANDALL.

(Written at Pointe Coupée, Louisiana, April 26, 1861.)

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland !
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland !
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland !
My Mother-State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland !
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland !
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland !
Remember Carroll's sacred trust ;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Come ! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland !

Come ! with thy panoplied array,
Maryland !

With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood, at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland !

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland !

She meets her sisters on the plain,
" *Sic Semper*," — 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland !

Arise in majesty again,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Come ! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland !

Come ! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland !

Come ! to thine own heroic throng,
Striding with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland !

For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland !

But, lo ! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland !
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland !
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland !
The Old Line bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland !
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza ! she spurns the Northern scum !
She breathes—she burns ! she'll come ! she'll come !
Maryland ! My Maryland !

JOHN PELHAM.

JAMES R. RANDALL.

Just as the Spring came laughing through the strife,
With all its gorgeous cheer,
In the bright April of historic life
Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
His bleeding country weeps ;
Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the Child of Rome,
Curbing his chariot steeds ;
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle brunt,
The champion of the truth,
He bore his banner to the very front
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres 'mid Virginian snow,
The fiery pang of shells,
And there's a wail of immemorial woe
In Alabama dells.

The pennon droops that led the sacred band
Along the crimson field ;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand
Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,
While round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise.

Oh, mother of a blessèd soul on high,
Thy tears may soon be shed ;
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky
Among the Southern dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
Fevered with swift renown ;
He with the martyr's amaranthine wreath
Twining the victor's crown.

THE DEATH OF THE MAIDEN.

HENRY MAZYCK CLARKSON.

THROUGH a forest sere and sober,
In the golden-clad October,
Autumn winds were softly sighing,
Summer leaflets falling, flying,

Lying, dying everywhere :
I was wooing, slowly walking ;
I was wandering, lowly talking
(Ah ! it seems but yet so lately)
With a maiden tall and stately,
With a maiden frail and fair.

How she lingered as she listened,
And her eyes with tear-drops glistened ;
All her brow and bosom blushing
Came her words so gently gushing,—

“ Take me, love me—I am thine ! ”
Ah ! those words were whispered lowly
And that vow it seemed so holy
As a vesper-psalm so saintly,
Falling sweetly, falling faintly,
As a psalmody divine !

Sweet those moments of our meeting,
Sweet, though few and far too fleeting :
Halcyon hours of golden dreaming,—
All of life with beauty teeming

In those glorious, golden hours.
Blissful were the thoughts we pondered,
Peaceful all the ways we wandered
Through the woods and meadows mellow,
Through the waving fields of yellow,
Through the sunny autumn flowers.

Came then sickness, and in anguish
Day by day I watched her languish ;
Watched her waning ; watched her wasting—
Oh ! the agony of tasting

Those mad moments of despair !
Vain were all the arts of healing,
Blight was o'er her beauty stealing ;
Vain my wailing ; vain my weeping ;
Cruel Death came creeping, creeping,
Caring not that she was fair.

After one long night of sorrow,
Ere the dawning of the morrow,
From the tapers dimly burning,
Softly to the maiden turning,
Something whispered " She is dead."
Doubting, fearing, still uncertain,
Dreading yet to lift the curtain,
Something seemed to hover 'round her ;
Angels, then, I knew had found her,
Knew I then her soul had fled.

From her lifeless form they tore me,
From her cold embrace they bore me,
But our souls they could not sever ;
We shall meet again forever,—

Aye, forever, hand in hand !
Time is flowing ; time is flowing !
On her grave the grass is growing ;
Waves the willow o'er her, weeping,
But her sainted soul is sleeping
Sweetly in the spirit-land.

BRONZE JOHN AND HIS SAFFRON PLUME.

MARY WALSINGHAM.

CAME riding forth on a charger bold,
From the land of the citron-bloom,
A stalwart knight with a lance of gold,
And a dancing yellow plume.
His shield was of bronze and his helmet high ;
Of flame was his breath, and of fire his eye ;
And swift was the flight of the charger by
Of this knight with the yellow plume.

Away and away over wood and wold,
Over city and mountain high !
And sharp was the flash of that lance so bold,
And the glance of that fiery eye.
Here was a body, and there was a bier,
He slew one here, and he felled one there ;
“ Away to the feast of death elsewhere ! ”
Sang the knight as he clattered by.

Then down to the Carib sea he rides,
And over the gulf with speed,
And up where the deadly moccasin hides
In the noxious bending weed ;
Up, up, where the meteor's light burned blue,
And the foul fog hung and the cypress grew,
And the rattlesnake hiss'd, through the swamp he flew,
Bronze John on his saffron steed.

Wherever the blast of the tropics blew
On the bayou's stagnant flume,
Or the deadly dwale, or the hemlock grew,
Or the livid lotus bloom,—

Wherever the south wind blew again
From the luscious slopes of the Spanish Main
He rode, and he rode and he scattered bane,
Bronze John and his saffron plume.

Rap, rap, rap, on the city wall,
Rap, rap, and "What ho ! indeed ?
And who is there ?" quoth the warder tall.
"Bronze John and his saffron steed !"
Quoth the warder tall, "And who may you be ?
And come you here from the North Countrie,
Or from the tropical South," quoth he,
"Bronze John and your saffron steed ?"

Rap, rap, rap, on the city gate,
And "Open, thou fool, to me !"
Quoth the bold Don John, with his lance in wait,
"I come from the South Countrie,
The challenging knight of the brazen shield,
And I summon this fortress to quickly yield."
"First I'd see thee dead !" quoth the warder chiel,
And, trembling, clattered the key.

Then back drew the knight on his charger bold,
And levelled his javelin keen ;
One blow on the gate with its barb of gold,
And where was the warder then ?
Here was a body, and there was a bier,
The captain lay there, and the sentinel here ;
"A king is Bronze John, and his sceptre's his spear,"
Sang the knight as he galloped again.

And "Hey for the land of the Don," he laughed,
"The land of the citron bloom,
And the potent knight of the yellow shaft,
And the floating yellow plume !

A king is Bronze John, and his steed is Death—
Of fire is his eye, and of flame his breath ;
And his lance is the doom of the South," he saith,
Bronze John of the saffron plume.

Then away and away, over hill and glade,
Over city and forest gloom—
Wherever the shade of the palm-tree played,
Or the rich magnolia's bloom—
Wherever the south wind blew again
From the luscious slopes of the Spanish Main,
He rode and he rode, and he drew not a rein,
Bronze John and his saffron plume.

Away like the wing of the wind he passed,
And his track was the track of doom ;
Till out of the North there came at last
A knight of a snow-white plume—
A gallant knight on a steed like snow—
And he rode and he rode, and he shouted, " Ho !"
[And he lifted his silver javelin, so]
" Bronze John and your saffron plume.

" Have at you, devil ! halt and fight !
I'll die, or I'll do thee doom !"
Then he rode, and he rode at the yellow knight,
And smote at the saffron plume.
They fought and they fought, and they clinched ; **and, lo !**
Jack Frost he rose, and he shouted, " Ho !"
[And he lifted the head of the bandit, so]
" Bronze John and your saffron plume !"

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

MARIE LA COSTE.

INTO a ward of the whitewashed halls
Where the dead and the dying lay,—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave!
Wearing still on his pale sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould,—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush every wandering silken thread,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer, both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand has rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there—
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.

Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart ;
And there he lies—with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here !"

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN.

SIDNEY LANIER.

GLOOMS of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—
Emerald twilights,
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colon-
nades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear, dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn.

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noonday fire,—
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,

Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of
leaves,—
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that
grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the
wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good.
O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the
vine,
While the riotous noonday sun of the June-day long did
shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in
mine.
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is await at the ponderous gate of the
West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth
seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of
the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me
of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but
bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable
pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face

The vast sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,

Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the
dawn,

For a mete and a mark

To the forest-dark :

So :

Affable live-oak, leaning low,—

Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,

(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land !)

Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand

On the firm-packed sand,

Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering
band

Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the
folds of the land.

Inward and outward to northward and southward the
beach-lines linger and curl

As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the
firm sweet limbs of a girl.

Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping
of light.

And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods
stands high ?

The world lies east : how ample, the marsh and the sea
and the sky !

A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad
in the blade,

Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or
a shade,

Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,

To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?

Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withhold-
ing and free

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to
the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the
sun,

Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God :
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and
the skies :

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me ahold on the greatness of God :
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh : lo, out of his
plenty the sea

Pours fast : full soon the time of the flood-tide must be :
Look how the grace of the sea doth go

About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the
low-lying lanes,

And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun !

The creeks overflow : a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod ; the blades of the marsh-grass
stir ;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr ;
Passeth, and all is still ; and the currents cease to run ;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be !

The tide is in his ecstasy.

The tide is at his highest height :
And it is night.

And now from the vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,

But who will reveal to our waking ken

The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep ?

And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
the tide comes in

On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes
of Glynn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

SIDNEY LANIER.

I.

O AGE that half believ'st thou half believ'st,
Half doubt'st the substance of thine own half doubt,
And, half perceiving that thou half perceiv'st,
Stand'st at thy temple door, heart in, head out !
Lo ! while thy heart's within, helping the choir,
Without, thine eyes range up and down the time,
Blinking at o'er-bright science, smit with desire
To see and not to see. Hence, crime on crime.
Yea, if the Christ (called thine) now paced yon street,
Thy halfness hot with His rebuke would swell ;
Legions of scribes would rise and run and beat
His fair intolerable Wholeness twice to hell.
Nay (so, dear Heart, thou whisperest in my soul),
'Tis a half time, yet Time will make it whole.

II.

Now at thy soft recalling voice I rise
Where thought is lord o'er Time's complete estate,
Like as a dove from out the gray sedge flies
To tree-tops green where cooes his heavenly mate.
From these clear coverts high and cool I see
How every time with every time is knit,
And each to all is mortised cunningly,
And none is sole or whole, yet all are fit.
Thus, if this Age but as a comma show
'Twixt weightier clauses of large-worded years,
My calmer soul scorns not the mark : I know
This crooked point Time's complex sentence clears.
Yet more I learn while, Friend ! I sit by thee :
Who sees all time, sees all eternity.

III.

If I do ask, How God can dumbness keep
While Sin creeps grinning through His house of Time,
Stabbing His saintliest children in their sleep,
And staining holy walls with clots of crime?
Or, How may He whose wish but names a fact
Refuse what miser's scanting of supply
Would richly glut each void where man hath lacked
Of grace or bread? Or, How may Power deny
Wholeness to th' almost-folk that hurt our hope—
These heart-break Hamlets who so barely fail
In life or art that but a hair's more scope
Had set them fair on heights they ne'er may scale?
Somehow by thee, dear Love, I win content :
Thy Perfect stops th' Imperfect's argument.

IV.

By the more height of thy sweet stature grown,
Twice-eyed with thy gray vision set in mine,
I ken far lands to wifeless men unknown,
I compass stars for one-sexed eyes too fine.
No text on sea-horizons cloudily writ,
No maxim vaguely starred in fields or skies,
But this wise thou-in-me deciphers it :
Oh, thou'rt the Height of heights, the Eye of eyes.
Not hardest Fortune's most unbounded stress
Can blind my soul nor hurl it from on high,
Possessing thee, the self of loftiness,
And very light that Light discovers by.
Howe'er thou turn'st, wrong Earth ! still Love's in
sight :
For we are taller than the breadth of night.

STRUGGLE.

SIDNEY LANIER.

My soul is like the oar that momentarily
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea :
Each second I'm new-born from some new grave.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

SIDNEY LANIER.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down through the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone—
Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But, oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And, oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail : I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

SIDNEY LANIER.

SUPERB and sole, upon a plumèd spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summ'd the woods in song ; or typic drew
The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.
Then down he shot, bounced airily along
The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made song
Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art again.
Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain:
How may the death of that dull insect be
The life of yon trim Shakespeare on the tree ?

KIN.

ASA ROGERS WATSON.

I OPENED the gate that you might pass,
You threw me a coin for my trouble ;
Untouched it rolled off into the grass,
And would had its value been double.

You stroke your dog and pat your horse
And toss me a coin for my duty ;
Which love is strongest ? which is worth
White billets ? Eh, my beauty !

Neither ? Well, I had guessed as much ;
I knew I was not worth your scorning,

Not worth a thought when you'd passed the gate
I rev'rently opened this morning.

Is it not strange that luck should be
Such a very vigilant warden?
That you should be higher, up there in the hall,
Than I, down here in the garden?

Yet so it is; so you and the world
Have settled our conditions;
I grow the roses that you wear—
Here end our several missions.

Than you the stars are not more high,
Not farther beyond my reaching;
The utmost world of the universe
Is less dumb to my beseeching.

But what makes the distance 'twixt you and me?
I'd swear the same blood is flowing
In both our veins; mine is noble as yours—
'Tis true, and worth the showing.

You shudder to hear me babbling so,—
I would not offend you, madam;
But still I protest we are kith and kin,—
You're but five years later from—Adam.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

CLIFFORD LANIER.

DREAMING along the haunted shore of time,
And mad that sea's Æolian song to sing,
He found the shell of Beauty, rhythmic rhyme,
And fondly deemed its sheen a living thing.

TO AN ENGLISH NIGHTINGALE.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

HEAR !

Hear !

Oh, will you hear ?

Reed notes clear,

(Fluted in flowery, May-drowsed solitudes,
Filtered through sun-steeped woods)

A challenge hurled

To all the singing world !

I the mocking-bird

Am stirred

With song's wild rapture ; and the prophet's mood
Grows stronger in me with each freer breath

Of balm-buds sweet as meth ;

I am no singer rude ;

Here, drink my melody, spiced with things as good
As made the bragget that old Chaucer brewed.

Or if Villon

You dote upon

I have his note and more,

And Ronsard's best in store,

Caught from a gay garçon

Who sang them clear and strong,

On Bayou Têche,

With a Creole dash

In his voice and the brim of the hat he wore !

What cheer !

What cheer !

That is the cardinal grosbeak's way,

With his sooty face and his coat so red ;

Too shrill, too red, too loud and gay
(Top-knotted like a jay),
Too crude for the critical eye and ear!
In a wild plum-thicket of Tennessee
He flung a challenge out to me,
And, as Marsyas, easily
Beaten and flayed alive was he.

Cheer ! cheer !
What cheer !
Oh, all the world shall be glad to hear !
And the nightingale
Shall fail
When I burst forth with my freedom-song
So rich and strong !

Oh !
Ho !
That's a brown thrush
In the underbrush.
Conceited, self-conscious, inclined to gush,
His is a voice that will not wear ;
Faulty timbre and volume weak,
He wrings from his beak
A spiral squeak
That bores like a gimlet through the air !
And the catbird, too,
With its feline mew,
Is only fit for the springe and the snare !

I like
The shrike,
Because, with a thorn for a guillotine,
He does his work so well and clean,
A critic keen—
A practical bird,

Whose common sense
 Must be immense,
 For, tell me who has ever heard
 Of such a thing
 As a loggerhead shrike that tried to sing?
 Hear! See! Oh, see!
 What do you think of me?
 Do I sing by rote,
 Or by note?
 Have I a parrot's echo-throat?
 Oh, no! I caught my strains
 From Nature's freshest veins.

Where blows
 The Cherokee rose
 Amidst Floridian hills, a slave I heard
 Halloo across a green tobacco field,
 And sing as gleeful as a brook or bird,
 The whiles a heavy hoe his hand did wield;
 I mixed his tune
 With the heat of June,
 And sang it
 And rang it
 By the slow Aucilla
 And the deep Sattilla
 In groves of palm and pine by tropic breezes stirred,
 And all the world has heard.

Mine is the voice of Spring,
 My home is the land of the new,
 And every note I sing
 Is fresh as the morning dew;
 For I am Freedom's bird
 Whom the Pilgrim Fathers heard,
 In their dreams of liberty,
 Calling them to the dark wild woods across the West-
 ern sea!

Not a mere mimic I,
That is a courtly lie
To give precedence to the nightingale
Bred in a classic vale,
Shadowed by ruins old and dim.
Give me a tilt at him !
Prestige of fame ?
Romance of ages in his name ?
What care I !
That bird shall die
And lie
My countless list of slain among,
On the flowery field of song !
He
A match for me !
No more than a wren or a chickadee !
Mine is the voice of the young and strong,
Mine the soul of the brave and the free !

But I can pipe the oldest runes
And trill the rarest tunes
Of every tongue in which song's perfume is.
Each swell I know,
Each quaver low,
The precious rhymes and rhythmic ecstasies
Dreamed of by master-bards long dead
And buried ;
And in my treasure
The lightest measure,
Rondeau, ballade, or virelay,
To music set,
Can match the vagabond troubadour's mandore fret
for fret,
And in a key more gay
My triolet !

And when night's vast and shadowy urn
Overbrims with dreams
I stir the vales of sleep with my nocturne ;
 Slowly, tenderly
 Outflow its rippling streams
To blend with Night's still sea of mystery ;
The pungent savor of the dewy buds,
The coolness and the languor of old woods,
 And the slow murmur of the darkling rills
 My art distils
Into a subtle philter, wild, intense,
 Of tenuous melody
 And slumbrous harmony,
Blown round the dusky hills,
Through fragrant fruity tropic thickets dense,
 Lingering and lapsing on,
 And lost before the dawn !

Higher !
 Higher !
 I aspire
 To Freedom's fullest note ;
The vigor of waxing birdhood thrills my throat ;
Morn's wide horizon, rimmed with fervid fire,
 Broadens my hope
 And sets far limitations to the scope
 Of my desire !
 Cage me not !
 Enrage me not !
 Confine me to no purfled garden-plot :
My song must grow, as grows the plant or tree,
Out of the sun and earth and winds of Liberty !

Upon no vast
 Dead past
 I turn my eyes ;
But every budding moment's blossom I forecast,

And take each day's new melodies by surprise
I leap to meet fresh weather,
And feel through every feather
The first delicious foretaste of a change ;
I test the range
Of Nature's every franchise, every tether !

Dream on, O nightingale !
Old things shall fade and fail,
And the glory of the past shall not avail
Against the Future, all-encompassing,
Whose prophet and whose poet I would be,
Whose promise and whose meaning I shall see,
Whose fires shall flame in every note I sing !

THE FAWN.

I LAY close down beside the river,
My bow well strung, well filled my quiver.

The god that dwells among the reeds
Sang sweetly from their tangled budes ;

The soft-tongued water murmured low,
Swinging the flag-leaves to and fro.

Beyond the river, fold on fold,
The hills gleamed through a film of gold ;

The feathery osiers waved and shone
Like silver threads in tangles blown.

A bird, fire-winged, with ruby throat,
Down the slow, drowsy wind did float,

And drift and flit and stray along,
A very focal flame of song.

A white sand-isle amid the stream
Lay sleeping by its shoals of bream ;

In liliated pools, alert and calm,
Great bass through lucent circles swam ;

And farther, by a rushy brink,
A shadowy fawn stole down to drink,

Where tall, thin birds unbalanced stood
In sandy shallows of the flood.

And what did I beside the river,
With bow well strung and well-filled quiver ?

I lay quite still with half-closed eyes,
Lapped in a dream of Paradise,

Until I heard a bow-cord ring,
And from the reeds an arrow sing.

I knew not of my brother's luck,
If well or ill his shaft had struck ;

But something in his merry shout
Put my sweet summer dream to rout,

And up I sprang, with bow half-drawn,
And keen desire to slay the fawn.

But where was it ? Gone like my dream.
I only heard the fish-hawk scream,

And the strong striped bass leap up
Beside the lily's floating cup ;

SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

I only felt the cool wind go
Across my face with steady flow ;

I only saw those thin birds stand
Unbalanced on the river sand,

Low peering at some dappled thing
In the green rushes quivering.

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.

JOHN HENRY BONER.

HERE lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song ;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng ;
Here sang the lips elated,
Here grief and death were sated,
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
The dying firelight blew,
While he whose song was peerless
Dreamed the drear midnight through ;
And from dull embers chilling
Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
His fancy as they grew.

Here with brow bared to heaven,
In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
Feeling sad brotherhood.

Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
 Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
 And of Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
 And hopeless vale of Dis ;
And though earth were surrounded
By heaven, it still was mounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
 The dolorous abyss.

Proud, mad, but not defiant,
 He touched at heaven and hell.
Fate found a rare soul pliant,
 And rung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire,
Led earth's most happy choir,
 Or flashed with Israfel.

No singer of old story
 Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
 No mendicant for praise,
He struck high chords and splendid,
Wherein were fiercely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
 With his unfinished days.

Here through this lowly portal,
 Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
 The mortal went and came.

And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
Have cenotaphed his fame.

WHAT IS LIFE?

SALLIE A. BROCK.

"What is Life?" I asked of a wanton child,
As he chased a butterfly ;
And his laugh gushed out all joyous and wild,
As the insect flitted by.

"What is Life?" I asked ; "oh, tell me, I pray !"
His echoes rang merrily, "Life is Play !"

"What is Life?" I asked of the maiden fair,
And I watched her glowing cheek
As the blushes deepened and softened there,
And the dimples played "hide and seek."
"What is Life? Can you tell me its fullest measure?"
She smilingly answered, "Life is Pleasure !"

"What is Life?" I asked of a soldier brave,
As he grasped the hilt of his sword ;
He planted his foot on a foeman's grave,
And looked "creation's lord."
"What is Life?" I queried ; "oh, tell me its story."
His brow grew bright as he answered, "Glory !"

"What is Life?" I asked of a mother proud,
As she bent o'er her babe asleep,
With a low, hushed tone, lest a thought aloud
Might waken its slumber deep.
Her smile turned grave, though wondrous in beauty,
While she made reply, "Life—life is Duty !"

I turned to the father, who stood near by
And gazed on his wife with pride ;
Then a tear of joy shone bright in his eye
For the treasure that lay at her side.
I listened well for the tale that should come :
“My life !” he cried, “my life is Home !”

“What is Life ?” I asked of the infidel ;
His eyes were haggard and bleared ;
Fierce, mocking sneers from his thin lips swell,
And his heart with vice was seared.
“What is Life ?” I asked, “in its ebb and flow ?”
With an oath he muttered, “Life is Woe !”

“What is Life ?” I asked of the invalid wan,
As he wheeled to the grate his chair,
And frowned as through the casement there ran
A fluttering breath of air.
“What is Life ?” I asked—I asked again :
He languidly coughed, and answered, “Pain !”

“What is Life ?” I asked of the statesman grand,
The idol of the hour ;
The fate of a nation was in his hand—
His word was the breath of power.
He, sickening, turned from the world’s caress :
“’Tis a bubble !” he cried—“’tis Emptiness !”

“What is Life ?” I asked of the miser grim,
As he clutched his well-filled bag ;
His features were gaunt and his figure slim,
His garment a tattered rag.
“What is Life ?” I asked, “the story unfold.”
“Life,” he chuckled, “life is Gold !”

“What is Life?” I asked of the student of books,
Exploring a ponderous tome ;
There are curious things in the rare old works
Whence the records of science come.
For a moment he turned from his learned perch,
And quickly answered, “Life is Research !”

“What is Life?” I asked of a Christian meek,
As she knelt before a shrine ;
The impress of Heaven was on her cheek,
In her eyes a light divine.
“What is Life?” I questioned, “oh, trace me its path !”
She pointed upward, and whispered “Faith !”

“What is Life?” I asked of a man of care,
Bending under the load of years :
He ran his fingers through his thin gray hair,
And his eyelids were humid with tears.
His voice trembled, “I once was brave ;
Life is a shadow that points to the Grave !”

I turned and asked of my inner heart
What story it could unfold ?
It bounded quick in its pulses’ start,
As the record it unrolled.
I read on the page, “Love, Hope, Joy, Strife !
What the heart would make it, such is Life !”

ELUSION.

G. HERBERT SASS.

RETURN from the gloom of the past time
O spirit of passion and grace !
Once more, though perchance for the last time,
Unveil the dear charm of thy face.

In the bloom of thy beauty's fruition
Come back from the shades of the night
O passionate, exquisite vision
Of vanished delight !

Where art thou ? Too long o'er life's sterile
And storm-beaten desert my feet,
Pressing on through all pleasure and peril,
Have sought thy lost footprints to meet.
Too long has my soul's deep desire
Fallen faint in the fret and the doubt,
And the futile and fugitive fire
Has almost burnt out.

Shall not once ere the battle be ended
Ere the weary and sorrow-worn heart
Cease all its wild throbs, and the splendid
Supreme aspiration depart—
Shall not once more the shadow be riven,
And some subtle, ineffable gleam
Flash down from the innermost heaven
To hallow my dream ?

Full oft has thy mystical presence
Glanced past like a star in a storm,
Full oft in mute, meek acquiescence
I have turned from thy vanishing form ;
But now the last desperate hour
Is pressing on bosom and brain ;
In the night of thy life-giving power
Oh, bless me again !

I have sought thee through mountain and meadow,
I have wandered by river and rill,
I have paused where the cool cedar shadow
Sleeps soft on the clover-crowned hill.

"Lo, here," and "Lo, there!" said the voices;
"She is yonder! she passes! she stays!"
But, ah, through Earth's infinite choices
I found not thy ways.

Wilt thou come in the thrill of a whisper?
Wilt thou gleam in the flash of a smile?
Some eve when the balm-breeze—a lisper
Of love-songs that trance and beguile—
Steals close unawares, wilt thou follow,
And tarry, and linger, and wait,
Just once, on the slope—in the hollow—
Or by the church-gate?

Come! Come! In my soul the last ember
Of the faith and the hope and the trust,
Whose birth I but dimly remember,
Is dying away into dust.
Yet, yet may the vision supernal
Break full on the spirit's rapt eye—
But which is supreme, which eternal,
Love's smile—or her sigh?

THE MIGHTY SEPULCHRE.

MARY E. BRYAN.

THE earth is a palace, o'er-roofed with blue,
With a thousand lamps out swinging,
But its floor is paved with a thousand graves,
And we know they lie in the sea's deep caves,
For, forever the voice of its myriad waves
Are their solemn dirges singing.

Yes, the earth is a sepulchre, vast and grand,
And the name of its dead is legion,
And the mountains, as their tall monuments stand,
The winds moan of them in deserts of sand,
And the midnight waves tell the lonely strand
Of graves in the sea's still region.

But goodly guests has that silent hall,
The dust of the bravest and fairest—
Hearts that nothing could e'er appal,
And eyes that flashed at the spirit's call,
But decay lies darkly down with them all,
And his touch their grave robes searest.

But the stars are weary of watching the dead,
And the sea of singing their dirges,
And Earth—a Niobe—bows her head
And clasps the dust of her children dead,
And lists for the Messenger's stately tread—
The solemn herald of him who has said
That death into life emerges.

THE PRAYER OF AGUR.

HAMILTON JAY.

Two things remove from me :
The curse of vanity,
And lies that evil be.

Give me no store of gold,
Lest it my soul enfold
And make my heart grow cold

To tales of sore distress,
To orphans' wretchedness,
To eyes that grief confess.

I ask not poverty,
But rather to be free
To do as suiteth Thee.

To be Thy almoner
To those who drink of myrrh,
And in the grave-clothes stir.

Give me but humble food,
A way to do some good,
To recompense Thy blood.

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION, MAY 20,
1775.

WILLIAM C. ELAM.

OPPRESSED and few, but freemen yet,
The men of Mecklenburg had met,
Determined to be free,
And crook no coward knee,
Though Might in front and Treason at the back
Brought death and ruin in their joint attack.

The tyrant's heel was on the land
When Polk convoked his gallant band,
And told in words full strong
The bitter tale of wrong,
Then came a whisper, like the storm's first waves :
"We must be independent, or be slaves !"

But, hark ! What hurried rider, this,
With jaded horse and garb amiss,
Whose look some woe proclaims,
Ere he his mission names ?
He rides amain from far off Lexington,
And tells the blood-red news of war begun !

Then Brevard, Balch, and Kennon spoke
The wise bold words that aye invoke
Men to defend the right
And scorn the despot's might ;
Until from all there rose the answering cry :
“ We will be independent, or we die.”

When Alexander called the vote,
No dastard “ nay's ” discordant note
Broke on that holy air—
For dastard none was there !
But in prompt answer to their country's call,
They pledged life, fortune, sacred honor—all !

In solemn hush the people heard ;
With shout and cheer they caught the word :
Independence ! In that sign
We grasp our right divine ;
For the tyrant's might and the traitor's hate
Must yield to men who fight for God and State !

The hero shout flew on the breeze ;
Rushed from the mountains to the seas ;
Till all the land uprose,
Their faces to their foes,
Shook off the thralldom they so long had borne,
And swore the oath that Mecklenburg had sworn !

And well those men maintained the right ;
They kept the faith, and fought the fight ;

Till Might and Treason both
Fled fast before the oath
Which brought the God of Freedom's battles down
To place on patriot brows the victor's crown !

HAUNTED.

ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS.

AND so the old house is haunted, you say,
And men look askance as they pass in the street ;
Ah well, you say true, for turn where I may
Pale ghosts of the past rise unbid at my feet.

Sitting alone by my desolate hearth
The shadowy phantoms come thronging around ;
Phantoms of pleasures that died in their birth,
And sorrows that never a burial found.

Pale faces gaze at me I fain would forget,
And voices long hushed wake to music again ;
Each dusky old corridor's echoing yet
With footsteps that memory would stifle, in vain.

There's a ghost in the garret, a ghost in the hall ;
Each chamber, so silent and empty you see,
With its barren expanses of blank, bare wall,
Has a ghostly inhabitant waiting for me.

That old arm-chair, do you think, by the fire
Is vacant ? Ah, no ; when the embers burn low
Comes the vision at eve of a gray-headed sire,
And spreads its thin palms in the sullen red glow.

This sofa, moth-eaten and useless for years,
Once pillowed the saintliest sufferer's head ;

Oh, mother ! 'twould spare me my bitterest tears,
Would memory but leave you at rest with the dead.

For joys that are gone, when remembered again,
Like flowers bereft of their sweets by the frost,
Are poor withered things that do but retain
The thorns of the rose when its fragrance is lost.

Step light by that closet ; breathe soft as you go ;
For there is the spectre I dread most of all ;
There's a skeleton hid in each household, you know ;
Come this way ; that picture you see on the wall

With its round rosy lips and its clustering hair—
She's a ghost now that hovers each night at my door ;
And those little worn shoes—do you think I can't hear
Their pattering yet on the old oaken floor ?

Why is it, I wonder, the past never dies,
Though you bury it deep as the ocean's bed !
From the lowest abyss 'twill unbidden arise
And live in eternity when you are dead.

See here where a nuptial couch was spread,
But the bridegroom's content with a pillow of clay,
And the bride, she is faded and old and unwed ;
She hath seen but the ghost of her marriage day.

For visions there are of times and of places
That come to us oft as our life waxes old,
As well as of people and voices and faces
Shivering bodiless out in the cold.

Yes, the old house is haunted, the people say true ;
Go, leave me alone with my shadowy host :
With the living and loving what have I to do ?
For I am myself but an unburied ghost.

CONQUERED AT LAST.

MARIA LOU EVE.

YOU came to us once, O brothers, in wrath,
And rude desolation followed your path.

You conquered us then, but only in part,
For a stubborn thing is the human heart.

So the mad wind blows in his might and main,
And the forests bend to his breath like grain,

Their heads in the dust and their branches broke ;
But how shall he soften their hearts of oak ?

You swept o'er our land like the whirlwind's wing,
But the human heart is a stubborn thing.

We laid down our arms, we yielded our will ;
But our heart of hearts was unconquered still.

“We are vanquished,” we said, “but our wounds must
heal ;”
We gave you our swords, but our hearts were steel.

“We are conquered,” we said, but our hearts were sore,
And “Woe to the conquered” on every door.

But the spoiler came, and he would not spare ;
The angel that walketh in darkness was there ;

He walked through the valley, walked through the street,
And he left the print of his fiery feet,

In the dead, dead, dead, that were everywhere,
And buried away with never a prayer.

From the desolate land, from its very heart,
There went forth a cry to the uttermost part.

You heard it, O brothers ! With never a measure
You opened your hearts and poured out your treasure.

O Sisters of Mercy ! you gave above these !
For you helped, we know, on your bended knees.

Your pity was human, but, oh ! it was more,
When you shared our cross and our burden bore.

Your lives in your hands, you stood by our side ;
Your lives for our lives you laid down, and died ;

And no greater love hath a man to give
Than to lay down his life that his friends may live.

You poured in our wounds the oil and the wine
That you brought to us from a hand divine.

You conquered us, brothers ; our swords we gave ;
We yield now our hearts—they are all we have.

Our last ditch was there, and it held out long ;
It is yours, O friends, and you'll find it strong.

Your love had a magic, diviner than art,
And "Conquered by kindness" we'll write on our heart.

THE RIVER.

MRS. MARY C. HILL.

OH, rugged river ! restless river !
River of years—river of tears—
Thou river of Life !

River of tears ! Yet o'er thy bosom Joy, as a bird, flashes
its gaudy wing,
And drinks its draught of ecstasy from out thy crystal
spring.

Oh, sunlit river ! shadowy river !
River of gladness—river of sadness—
Thou river of Life !

River of gladness ! Yet o'er the blue of the beautiful sky
floats a cloud,
Out of whose fleecy whiteness the loom of God is weaving
a shroud.

Oh, beautiful river ! while the star of youth is glowing
From the silver-sprinkled sky ;
River of Life ! when health's elixir flowing
Paints thy waters its rosy dye.

Sunlit river ! when the days are full of peace,
And the calm of the song the river sings,
And the quiet joy the lullaby brings,
We feel will never cease.

And while the waters glow and glisten,
Ah ! how seldom do we listen

To the turning of the ponderous wheel of Time,
Over whose granite sides are rushing

The waves of the river in a symphony sublime !
But when the waters are black and bleeding,

Dyed with dread Disease's breath,
And we feel the river leading

To the fathomless sea of Death,—
Then, ah ! then, in our agony of soul

We cry, " Oh, wheel of Time ! one moment stay !
Turn back the river, and cease to roll,
For a life we love is passing away."

But God is the miller, and the wheel is turning,
Though Grief's hot irons our hearts are burning,
And the river's song is only a moan,
And the grinding wheel sounds a groan.

But from out our midnight gloom
Look up ! God knoweth best,
See the life we love as it catches the bloom
Of Infinite radiance and rest !
Its waters have mingled with the crystal stream
Flowing so close to the throne,
And the waves have caught the golden gleam
And the river's voice, God's tender tone.
And the river in heaven in its crystal calm
Found its way through the golden bars,
Flowing upward—beyond the garden of stars—
To the feet of God and His Lamb.
Oh, royal river ! radiant river !
River of Light—river of Life—
Thou river of God !

JULIETTE.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Lo, here the sunshine flickers bright
Among the restless shadows,
And undulating waves of light
Slip through the tranquil meadows.

The hoary trees stand ranged about,
Their long gray mosses trailing,
Like ghostly signals long hung out
For succor unavailing.

And marble shafts rise here and there
In immemorial places,
Embalmed in Nature's bosom fair
And chiselled with Art's graces.

'Twas here, Juliette, you watched the skies
Burn unto evening's splendor,
And saw the sunset's wondrous dyes
Fade into twilight tender.

And saw the gray go out in gloom
Upon the brow of even,
And smiled to see the young stars bloom
In the far fields of heaven.

* * * * * *

So comes the winter's breath ; and so
The spring renews her grasses ;
I lift my dazzled eyes, and, lo !
The mirage swiftly passes.

Dear child ! for many a weary year
The rose has shed her blossom
On the white tablet resting here
Above thy tranquil bosom.

And many a season here hath brought
Processions of new comers,
And many a wonder death hath wrought
Through all these fervid summers.

And naught remains of thee, Juliette,
Thy face and form elysian,
Save what the whole world will forget,—
A dreamer's waking vision !

REGRET.

CHRISTIAN REID (FRANCES F. TIERNAN).

If I had known, O loyal heart,
When hand to hand we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own,
That memory still might keep its grasp,
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide
We loitered through the summer land,
What presence wandered by our side,
And o'er you stretched its awful hand,
I should have hushed my careless speech,
To listen well to every tone
That from your lips fell low and sweet,
If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind eyes
Met mine in parting, true and sad,—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
And earnest rather more than glad,—
How soon the lids would lie above,
As cold and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance,
If I had known.

If I had known how, from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions here below,
Unto a purer, higher life
That you were called, O friend, to go,

I should have stayed all foolish tears,
And hushed each idle sigh and moan,
To bid you a last, long God-speed,
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
What mystic, distant, silent shore,
You calmly turned your steadfast face,
What time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link,
To bind the heart, so constant grown,
And keep it constant even there,
If I had known.

If I had known that, until death
Shall with his finger touch my brow,
And still the quickening of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now,—
So long my feet must tread the way
Of our accustomed paths alone,
I should have prized your presence more,
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
Eternal peace dawned into sight,
I should have begged, as love's last gift,
That you before God's great, white throne
Would pray for your poor friend on earth,
If I had known.

MY LADDIE'S HOUNDS.

MARGUERITE E. EASTER.

THEY are my laddie's hounds
 That rin the wood at break o' day.
 Wha is it tak's them hence? Can ony say
 Wha is it tak's my laddie's hounds
 At break o' day?

They cleek aff thegither,
 An' then fa' back, wi' room atween
 For ane to walk; *sae often, I hae seen*
The baith cleek aff thegither,
 WI' ANE BETWEEN!

And when towards the pines
 Up yonder hill they loup alang,
 I see ae bonnie laddie, brent and strang,
 I see ae laddie loup alang
 Towards the pines.

I follow them, in mind,
 Ilk time; right weel I ken the way,—
 They thrid the wood and speel the stony brae
 An' skir the field; I follow them;
 I ken the way.

They daddle at the creek
 Whaur down fra' aff the reaching logs
 I stoup, wi' my dear laddie, an' the dogs,
 And drink o' springs that spait the creek
 Maist to the logs.

He's but a bairn, a'tho'
 He hunts the mountain's lonely bree;
 His doggies' ears abune their brows in glee
 He ties; he's but a bairn, a'tho'
 He hunts the bree.

Fu' length they a' stretch out
 Upon a bank that green trees hap
 In shade. He whistles saft ; the beagles nap
 Wi' een half shut, a-stretchin' out
 Whaur green trees hap.

An' noo he fades awa'
 Frae 'tween the twa—into the blue.
 My sight gats blind ; guid Lord, it isna true
 That he has gane for aye awa',
 Into the blue !

They are my laddie's hounds
 That mak' the hill at fa' o' day
 Wi' dowie heads hung laigh ; can ony say
 Wha is it hunts my laddie's hounds
 Till fa' o' day ?

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

MRS. M. M. JOUVENAT.

IF to our dull prosaic souls
 No sweet mysterious hope unrolls,
 When the soft petals of the rose
 Their carmine-tinted lips disclose ;
 If from the violets' pleading eyes
 No hints prophetic of the skies
 To our insensate hearts arise ;
 Nor breaks upon our dumb despair
 In odorous pulses of the air
 The rhythmic measure of a prayer :
 If flowers may bloom and wax and wane,
 Nor cheat our human hearts of pain,
 The world is beautiful in vain.

FATHER DAMIEN.

JOHN B. TABB.

O GOD, the cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to thy feet we bring,—
“*A leper white as snow!*”

INSOMNIA.

JOHN B. TABB.

E'EN this, Lord, didst thou bless—
This pain of sleeplessness—
The livelong night,
Urging God's gentlest angel from thy side,
That anguish only might with thee abide
Until the light.
Yea, e'en the last and best,
Thy victory and rest,
Came thus to thee ;
For 'twas while others calmly slept around,
That thou alone in sleeplessness wast found,
To comfort me.

BEETHOVEN AND ANGELO.

JOHN B. TABB.

ONE made the surging sea of tone
Subservient to his rod :
One from the sterile womb of stone
Raised children unto God.

KEATS.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

DEATH hath his fancies, and why not? A king
So great as he must have his royal whim,—
Sometimes a fool, sometimes the wailing string
Of some slain minstrel's harp, must humor him.

There was a youthful singer once, a soul
Loved of the gods, and hence not loved of men,
Who sang too well, and, shame to say, the whole
Small race of songsters rose against him then.

And all the critics, too,—like daws that peck
Some lustrous jewel from its golden setting,—
Beaked his fair lines so, hastening on to wreck
The fragile bark that every flaw was fretting.

Love, also, with his barbèd baby spear,
Racked all the chambers of his heart with anguish ;
But bravely through it all, more strong and clear,
Went up his matchless song that would not languish.

And all so well he pleased the sable king,
Though many a famous bard sang at his call,
That straight he sent his messenger to bring
This tortured soul which pleased him best of all.

So Keats was brought, and when his strain beguiled
The sad-faced king and his brave company
To strange, unwonted tears, Death kindly smiled,
Approving his unequalled minstrelsy.

And when at times his watchful eye could trace
The swiftly passing spasms of fierce pain
Which swept across the minstrel's pallid face,
He quickly cried, "Thy songs were not in vain ;

“Fixed in the world's large memory they shall live,
Undying as that beauty to whose shrine
Thy kneeling soul brought all thou hadst to give ;
All things of which thy heart once dreamed are thine:

“As thou didst leave them they shall picture thee
Both to thine own and far-off other lands,
And while men sing, thy name shall never be
Forgotten in their songs.” And so he stands,

A fair-formed image of immortal youth
Breasting the steep hill-side of life's endeavor ;
A white-robed herald of eternal truth
Shouting a message from the gods forever.

I SHALL FIND REST.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

A LITTLE further on—

There will be time—I shall find rest anon.
Thus do we say, while eager youth invites
Young hope to try her wings in wanton flights,
And nimble fancy builds the soul a nest
On some far crag ; but soon youth's flame is gone—
Burned lightly out—while we repeat the jest
With smiling confidence, I shall find rest
A little further on.

A little further on

I shall find rest ; half-fiercely we avow
When noon beats on the dusty field and Care
Threats to unjoint our armor, and the glare
Throbs with the pulse of battle, while life's best
Flies with the flitting stars ; the frenzied brow

Pains for the laurel more than for the breast
Where Love soft-nestling waits. Not now, not now,
With feverish breath we cry, I shall find rest
A little further on.

A little further on
I shall find rest ; half-sad, at last, we say,
When sorrow's settling cloud blurs out the gleam
Of glory's torch, and to a vanished dream
Love's palace hath been turned, then—all depressed
Despairing, sick at heart—we may not stay
Our weary feet, so lonely then doth seem
This shadow-haunted world. We, so unblest,
Weep not to see the grave which waits its guest ;
And feeling round our feet the cool, sweet clay,
We speak the fading world farewell and say,
Not on this side, alas ! I shall find rest
A little further on.

FAIR DAUGHTER OF THE SUN.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

HAIL ! daughter of the sun,
White-robed and fair to see, where goest thou now
In haste from thy spiced garden ? Hath thy brow,
Crowned with white blooms, begun
To grow weary of its fragrant wreath,
And do thy temples long to ache beneath
A gilded, iron crown ?
Tak'st thou the glint of Mammon's glittering car
To be the gleam of some new-risen star—
Yond clamor, for renown ?

Stay, lovely one, oh, stay !
Within thy gates, love-garlanded, remain,
For love this Mammon seeks not, but for gain,—
He is the same alway.
This god in burnished tinsel, as of old,
Cares for no music save of clinking gold,—
All else to him is vain.
His heart is flint, his ears are dull as lead ;
A crown of care he bringeth for thy head,
And for thy wrists a chain.

Bide thou, oh, goddess, stay !
Even in the gateway turn. The orange-tree
Keeps still her snowy wreath of love for thee ;
The jasmine's starry spray
Still waves thee back. O South ! thy glory lies
In thine own sacred fields. There shall arise
Thy day, which fadeth not :
There—patient hands shall fill thy cup with wine,
There—hearts devoted make thy name divine,
Their own hard fate forgot.

MAHS' LEWIS' LAST RIDE.

W. W. HENDREE.

EVVAH sence I kin remembah,
Dis place belong to the Blan's ;
Held about six hun'ded akahs ;
Wuhkt about twenty-one han's ;
One o' de best o' plantations,—
Dat's jest as sho as you bo'n ;
Raised a great heap o' tobacco,
Wasn't no eend to de co'n.

'Longed to Mahs' Dan'l, who raised me,—
Den when he died, our Miss Grace
Married huh cousin, Mahs' Lewis,—
Dat's how he come by de place.
He had bin raised in Prince Edwa'd,
Close on de Buckin'm line—
Mighty fine man was Mahs' Lewis !
Yes, sah ! he *was* mighty fine.

See dat bay hoss in de pastah,
Dah wid his neck on de fence ?
Mo' dan a good many people
Dat hoss has lahnin' and sense.
Favo'ite hoss wid Mahs' Lewis ;
Offen to me he has said :
" I'll ride dat hoss, Uncle Petah,
Seems to me, ahter I'm dead."

Mighty quah hoss in de pastah.—
What fo' he quah ?—You dunno ?
Kase o' de bah places on him ?
Dem's whah de woun's wah, fo' sho.
Dat hoss has been in de battle,
Bin whah de blood's runnin' red ;
Dat hoss come back from de battle,
Totin' de fo'm o' de dead.

Dis way it happen : De Yankees
Come yeh dat yeah in great fo'ce ;
Grant was dah ginnul commandah,—
Guv 'em a pow'ful disco'se.
All o' de mons'us grand scrimmage,
We f'om de po'ch yeh could see,—
Yandah was Grant an' de Yankees,
Yandah de rebels an' Lee.

Yeh on de po'ch sot de mastah ;
Yandah smoke rose in de breeze ;
Blue an' gray lines in de distance
Went in an' out o' de trees.
Dah we saw light in de distance
Flashin'—an' 'twasn't de sun's ;
Hu'd the bim-boom o' de cannons,
Hu'd de ping-pang o' de guns.

Suddintly sung out Mahs' Lewis :
“ Dah ah de cust Yankee curz !
Retch fo'm de hooks dah my sabah !
Fetch me my swo'd-belt an' spurz !
Saddle an' bridle Suh Ahchy !
Bring him aroun' to de do' ;
He'll tote me back safe fo'm de battle,
Or else I'll come back nevvah mo' !”

Den I felt bad. S' I, “ Mahs' Lewis !
Knows you ain't fit fo' de wah ;
You ah too ole fo' sich fightin'—
Bettah stay here whah you ah,”
S'e—an' his eyes flashed like fox-fire—
“ Bring me Suh Ahchy, I say !
One man, dough aged an' feeble,
Might tu'n de tide o' de day.”

Well, sah, he'd heah to no reason,
Dahfo' Suh Ahchy I fotched ;
An' when he rid off down de high-road,
Yeh I sot patient and watched.
Watched yeh, an' lissent, an' lissent,
Hea'in' de rattle an' ro' ;
Seein' em, backwa'd an' fo'wa'd,
Blue an' gray lines come an' go.

So dey fit dah all o' de daylight,
Fit 'twell de sun had gone down ;
Den come de dahkness an' silence
Shadin' de whole place aroun'.
Yeh on de po'ch I sot waitin',
Waitin', an' dreckly I heah
Clank o' dat swo'd on de saddle,
Ring o' dat hoss comin' neah.

Fastah an' fastah I heah 'em,
Poundin' an' poundin' de groun'—
"Lo'd be praised, dat's Mahs' Lewis!"—
Dat I knowed well by de soun' ;
Up in a gallop, Suh Ahchy
Come to de po'ch, den he stan' :
Dah in de saddle, Mahs' Lewis
Sot like a captain so gran' !

"Welcome back ! Welcome, Mahs' Lewis !
Bet you made somumum die !
S'pose you 'light dah at de hoss-block ;
Dat's a heap easier," s' I.
Seein' he made me no ansah,
Tetched him—Lo'd ! how I did staht !
Dah he sot, stiff in de saddle—
Dead, sah ! shot right froo de heaht !

THE ORIGIN OF THE BANJO.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

(From "Christmas-night in the Quarters.")

Go 'way, fiddle ! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin' ;
Keep silence fur yo' betters !—don't you heah de banjo
talkin' ?

About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies,
listen !—

About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin' :

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah, lookin'
solemn,—

Fur Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read de ribber
column,—

An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
An' lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah
Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin' ;
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-
pshawin' ;

But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to
happen :

An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob eb'ry sort o'
beas'es,—

Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces !

He had a Morgan colt an' seb'ral head o' Jarsey cattle,—

An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder
rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain !—it come so awful hebbly,

De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de leebbee ;

De people all wuz drowned out—'cep' Noah an' de
critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de
bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' ;
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin' ;
De sarpints hissed ; de painters yelled ; tell, whut wid all
de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an'
cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de
packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de
racket ;
An' so, fur to amuse hese'f, he steamed some wood an'
bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on ; made bridge an' screws
an' aprin ;
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' 'tap'rin' ;
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it ;
An' den de mighty question riz : how wuz he gwine to
string it ?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin' ;
De ha'r's so long an' think an' strong,—des fit fur banjo-
stringin' ;
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as washday-dinner
graces ;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'twuz "Nebber
min' de wedder,"—
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder ;

Some went to pattin' ; some to dancin' ; Noah called de
figgers ;
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob
niggers !

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de
slighthes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin' ;
An' curi's, too, dat's nigger's ways : his people nebber
los' 'em,—
Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de
'possum !

A BLESSING ON THE DANCE.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

(From " Christmas-night in the Quarters.")

O MAHS'R ! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight !
Don't jedge us hard fur what we does—you knows it's
Chrismus-night ;
An' all de balance of de yeah we does as right's we kin,
Ef dancin's wrong, O Mahs'r ! let de time excuse de sin !

We labors in de vineya'd, wu'kin' hard an' wu'kin' true ;
Now, shorely you won't notus ef we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leetle holiday,—a leetle restin'-spell,—
Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as
well.

Remember, Mahs'r,—min' dis, now,—de sinfulness ob sin
Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in :
An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an'
sing,
A-feelin' like King David when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—
 That people r'aly *ought* to dance when Chrismus comes
 along ;
 Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de
 trees,
 De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet king ;
 We has no harp to soun' de chords, to holp us out t^o-sing ;
 But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' w^e knows,
 An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flower bekase it ain't de
 rose.

You bless us, please, sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to-
 night ;
 Kase den we'll need de blessin' more 'n ef we's doin'
 right ;
 An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untel we comes to die,
 An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky !

Yes, tell dem preshis anguls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon :
 Our voices we's a-trainin' fur to sing de glory tune ;
 We's ready when you wants us, an' it ain't no matter when—
 O Mahs'r ! call yo' chillun soon, an' take 'em home !
 Amen.

COUNSEL.

MOLLIE E. MOORE DAVIS.

IF thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell—
 But for one night though that farewell may be—
 Press thou his palm with thine. How canst thou tell
 How far from thee

Fate or caprice may lead his feet

Ere that to-morrow come ! Men have been known
To lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting at best is underlaid with tears,
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true
The hand of him who goeth forth. Unseen
Fate goeth too.

Yea, find thou always time to say
Some earnest word between the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

MOLLIE E. MOORE DAVIS.

GOING out to fame and triumph,
Going out to love and light ;
Coming in to pain and sorrow,
Coming in to gloom and night.
Going out with joy and gladness,
Coming in with woe and sin ;
Ceaseless stream of restless pilgrims
Going out and coming in !

Through the portals of the homestead,
From beneath the blooming vine ;
To the trumpet-tones of glory,
Where the bays and laurels twine ;

From the loving home-caresses
To the chill voice of the world,—
Going out with gallant canvas
To the summer breeze unfurled.

Through the gateway, down the footpath,
Through the lilacs by the way ;
Through the clover by the meadow,
Where the gentle home-lights stray ;
To the wide world of ambition,
Up the toilsome hill of fame,
Winning oft a mighty triumph,
Winning oft a noble name.

Coming back all worn and weary,—
Weary with the world's cold breath ;
Coming to the dear old homestead,
Coming in to age and death.
Weary of its empty flattery,
Weary of its ceaseless din ;
Weary of its heartless sneering,—
Coming from the bleak world in.

Going out with hopes of glory,
Coming in with sorrows dark ;
Going out with sails all flying,
Coming in with mastless barque ;
Restless stream of pilgrims, striving
Wreaths of fame and love to win,
From the doorways of the homestead
Going out and coming in !

UNCLE GABE'S WHITE FOLKS.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

SARVENT, Marster ! Yes, sah, dat's me,—

Ole Unc' Gabe's my name ;

I thankee, Marster, I'm 'bout, yo' see.

“An' de ole 'ooman?” She's much de same,

Po'ly an' 'plainin', thank de Lord !

But de Marster's gwine ter come back from 'broad.

“Fine ole place?” Yes, sah, 'tis so ;

An' mighty fine people my white folks war,—

But you ought ter 'a' seen it years ago,

When de Marster an' Mistis lived up dyah ;

When de niggers 'd stan' all roun' de do',

Like grains o' corn on de cornhouse flo'.

“Live mons'ous high?” Yes, Marster, yes ;

Cut 'n onroyal 'n' gordly dash ;

Eat an' drink till you couldn' res'.

My folks war'n' none o' yo' po' white trash ;

No, sah, dey was ob high degree,—

Dis heah nigger am quality !

“Tell you 'bout 'em?” You mus' 'a' hearn

'Bout my ole white folks, sho' !

I tell you, suh, dey was gre't an' stern ;

D' didn' have nuttin' at all to learn ;

D' knowed all dar was to know ;

Gol' ober de' head an' onder dey feet ;

An' silber ! dey sowed 't like folks sows wheat.

“Use ter be rich?” Dat warn' de wud !

Jes' wallowed an' roll' in wealf.

Why, none o' my white folks ever stir'd

Ter lif a han' for d'self ;

De niggers use ter be stan'in' roun'
 Jes' d' same ez leaves when dey fus' fall down ;
 De stable-stalls up heah at home
 Looked like de teef in a fine-toof comb ;
 De cattle was p'digious—mus' tell de fac' !
 An' de hogs mecked de hill-sides look like black ;
 An' de flocks ob sheep was so gre't an' white
 Dey 'peared like clouds on a moonshine night.
 An' when my ole Mistis use' ter walk
 Jes' ter her kerridge (dat was fur
 Ez ever *she* walked)—I tell you, sir,
 You could almos' heah her silk dress talk ;
 Hit use' ter soun' like de mornin' breeze,
 When it wakes an' rustles de Gre't House trees.
 An' de Marster's face !—de Marster's face,
 Whenever de Marster got right pleased—
 Well, I 'clar' ter Gord, 'twould shine wid grace
 De same ez his countenance had been greased.
 De cellar, too, had de bes' ob wine,
 An' brandy, an' sperrits dat yo' could fine ;
 An' ev'ything in dyah was stored,
 'Skusin' de Glory of de Lord !

"Warn' dyah a son?" Yes, sah, you knows
 He's de young Marster now ;
 But we heah dat dey tooken he very clo'es
 Ter pay what ole Marster owe ;
 He's done been gone ten year, I s'pose.
 But he's comin' back some day, of co'se ;
 An' my ole 'ooman is aluz 'pyar'd,
 An' meckin' de Blue-Room baid ;
 An' ev'ry day dem sheets is ayar'd,
 An' will be till she's daid ;
 An' de styars she'll scour,
 An' dat room she'll ten',
 Ev'ry blessed day dat de Lord do sen' !

What say, Marster? Yo' say you knows?

He's young an' slender-like an' fyah;

Better-lookin' 'n you, of co'se!

Hi! you's he? 'Fo' Gord, 'tis him!

'Tis de very voice an' eyes an' hyah,

An' mouf an' smile, on'y yo' ain' so slim,—

I wonder whah—whah's de ole 'ooman?

Now let my soul

Depart in peace,

For I behol'

Dy glory, Lord!—I knowed you, chile,—

I knowed you soon's I see'd your face!

Whar has you been dis blessed while?

Done come back an' buy de place?

Oh, bless de Lord for all His grace!

De ravins shell hunger, an' shell not lack,

De Marster, de young Marster's done come back!

SUCCESS.

MARGARET A. LOGAN.

I FANCIED her a fair and flower-crowned maid

Compassed with rosy light,

And at her shrine youth, hope, and fortune laid;

She never blessed my sight.

So passed the years, and I, grown old and gray,

Thought not her wreath to wear,

For death had borne the loving friends away

Who joyed my joy to share.

'Twas then a calm-eyed, low-voiced woman came

That dreary hour to bless;

I gently greeted, and besought her name:

Smiling, she said, "Success."

"THE GRAVES STOOD TENANTLESS."

MEL R. COLQUITT.

FIRST SPIRIT.

I WANDERED back to-night to that dear land,
I stood unseen beside him in our best-loved place,
He, eyes aflame with love, caressed a woman's hand,
And kissed her warmly on her rose-hued face.
"And have you never loved?" she said, with kiss for
kiss ;
"No, dearest ; love comes only once like this."

SECOND SPIRIT.

I journeyed where my precious children slept,
I knew that they must need my watchful care ;
Another sat beside—I turned and wept,
Finding no room for my wan spirit there,
All was unchanged—all looked and felt the same,
The babe, awakening, called her by my name !

THIRD SPIRIT.

I sought my once adoring wife to see,
I thought to find her with her beads and priest,
Praying and weeping for the loss of me.
Lo ! she was centre of a merry feast ;
She singled out one lover, gaily, from the rest,
With cup uplifted, toasted, "To second love, the best."

FOURTH SPIRIT.

I went to where my childless mother sat alone,
In a vast, sunless, and unpeopled place ;
Her form was shaken with her ceaseless moan,
And cruel grief still wrung her piteous face.
Nearer I pressed to her, stood close beside,
She murmured, "Darling, when you went, the whole
world died !"

MY SORROW.

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

“My loss is great,” you say, “but time will heal ;
Spring’s sorrows deaden ere the death of spring ;
And this which now is such a bitter thing
The coming years will in their flight reveal
To be but sweetness ! Death has set its seal
Upon a dear life’s casket. Faith will bring
The bud that springs in tears, to blossoming
In joy——” Oh, platitudes ! Do I not feel
The smart already lessening, now the blow
Has fallen ?—can it comfort me, oh, friend,
Grieving as I alone can grieve, to know
That even grief will have at last its end,
And sadness for her loss grow less to-morrow,
My sorrow is I can forget my sorrow !

BESIDE LOVE’S BIER.

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

MEN came and wondered, when he died,
And stood with wet eyes by his bier.
“We never dreamed,” some wildly cried,
“That Love could die, he was so dear ;”
Some only looked awhile and sighed,
Then went their way ; they had no tear ;
One moaned : “I’ve wandered far and near,
And sought for Love, and would have died
For his sweet sake—I find him here ;”
Another kissed his cold white brow ;

"Farewell," he cried, "thou wilt not move ;
Eternal slumber holds thee now ;
No resurrection comes for Love !"
But one who stood apart a space
Drew near him gently. "Love," said he,
"He never truly knew thy face
Who saw thee dead nor died with thee."

THE VULTURE.

HARRY STILWELL EDWARDS.

ALL the day long we roam, we roam,
My shadow fleet and I ;
One searches all the land and sea,
And one the trackless sky ;
But when the taint of death ascends
My airy flight to greet,
As friends around the festal board,
We meet ! we meet ! we meet !

Ah ! none can read the sign we read,
No eye can fathom the gales,
No tongue can whisper our secret deed,
For dead men tell no tales.
The spot on the plains is miles away ;
But our wings are broad and fleet,—
The wave-tossed speck in the eye of the day
Is far—but we meet ! we meet !

The voice of the battle is haste, oh, haste !
And down the wind we speed ;
The voice of the wreck moans up from the deep,
And we search the rank sea weed.

The maiden listens the livelong day
For the fall of her lover's feet ;
She wonders to see us speeding by,—
She would die, if she saw us meet !

L'ENVOI.

Sweeping in circles, my shadow and I,
Leaving no mark on the land or sky,
When the double circles are all complete,
At the bedside of death we meet ! we meet !

A SEASIDE FLIRTATION.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

WITH sorrow in her eyes of blue,
With trembling hands she slowly penned it ;
The little parting billet-doux
That conscience told her now should end it.
Those tête-à-têtes along the shore,
Those gipsyings with fern-filled basket,
Must join the dear delights of yore
And only live in memory's casket.

There never was a heart like Jack's :
He told his passion in his glances.
She sealed her note with scented wax,
But could not drown her dismal fancies.
When he should read his suit denied,
So long the theme of idle gazers,
She pictured him a suicide,
And shuddered at the thought of razors !

At last she slept—but not till dawn
Had blossomed through the ocean vapors.
Jack conned her missive with a yawn
When he had read the morning papers.

He gave his beard a languid twirl,
And murmured, as he sat a-smoking,
“Tear-stained—By Jove!—poor little girl—
I thought she knew that I was joking!”

A SONG FOR THE SOUTH.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

O PEERLESS land of tears and smiles,
Of fragrant glooms and golden hours,
Where Summer's hand with endless wiles
Entwines the feet of Time with flowers,
Howe'er the tide of fortune flow,
Thou hast my heart where'er I go!

No blot of shame thy record mars
In senate-hall or lurid fight:
Thy spotless fame shines like the stars
That guard thee through the balmy night.
In weary wanderings to and fro,
Thou hast my heart where'er I go.

Thy maids are fair, thy warriors brave,
And those at peace beneath the pine,
Hymned through the air by wind and wave,—
Their glory needs no song of mine.
O native Land! through weal and woe,
Thou hast my heart where'er I go.

BESSIE BROWN, M.D.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

'Twas April when she came to town ;
The birds had come, the bees were swarming ;
Her name, she said, was Doctor Brown :
I saw at once that she was charming.
She took a cottage tinted green,
Where dewy roses loved to mingle ;
And on the door next day was seen
A dainty little shingle.

Her hair was like an amber wreath ;
Her hat was darker, to enhance it.
The violet eyes that glowed beneath
Were brighter than her keenest lancet.
The beauties of her glove and gown
The sweetest rhyme would fail to utter ;
Ere she had been a day in town
The town was in a flutter.

The gallants viewed her feet and hands,
And swore they never saw such wee things ;
The gossips met in purring bands
And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things.
The former drank the Doctor's health
With clinking cups, the gay carousers ;
The latter watched her door by stealth,
Just like so many mousers.

But Doctor Bessie went her way
Unmindful of the spiteful cronies,
And drove her buggy every day
Behind a dashing pair of ponies.

Her flower-like face so bright she bore,
I hoped that time might never wilt her ;
The way she tripped across the floor
Was better than a philter.

Her patients thronged the village street ;
Her snowy slate was always quite full ;
Some said her bitters tasted sweet,
And some pronounced her pills delightful.
'Twas strange—I knew not what it meant—
She seemed a nymph from Eldorado ;
Whene'er she came, where'er she went,
Grief lost its gloomy shadow.

Like all the rest, I too grew ill ;
My aching heart there was no quelling :
I tremble at my doctor's bill,—
And, lo ! the items still are swelling.
The drugs I've drunk you'd weep to hear !
They've quite enriched the fair concocter,
And I'm a ruined man, I fear,
Unless—I wed the Doctor !

THE CAPTAIN'S FEATHER.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

THE dew is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And the captain's waving feather
Proclaims the hour is nigh
When some upon their horses
Shall through the battle ride,
And some with bleeding corses
Must on the heather bide.

The dust is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And about the captain's feather
The bolts of battle fly.
But hark ! What sudden wonder
Breaks forth upon the gloom ?
It is the cannon's thunder,—
It is the voice of doom !

The blood is on the heather,
The night is in the sky,
And the gallant captain's feather
Shall wave no more on high.
The grave and holy brother
To God is saying mass ;
But who shall tell his mother,
And who shall tell his lass ?

EBO.

A. C. GORDON.

ALL o' dese here doin's
Don't suit me ;
Ise an ole-time nigger,
Don't you see ?

Dis here eddication's
Humbug, sho' ;
It's done played de devil
Wid Ebo.

Somewhar 'bout lars' summer,
Dicey she
Tuk 'n' struck a notion,
Don't you see ?

Says she : " I's been thinkin' . "

An' I says :

" What *you* done thunk, honey ? "

Says she : " Yes,

" I's been thinkin' mons'ous

'Bout Ebo ;

He's fo'teen year ole now,

Don't you know ? "

S' I : " Ole 'oman, you is

Right, I 'spec' ;

Dar's fo'teen, he kim fus' ;

Dat's kerrec' ! "

Says she : " He's a-growin'

Up a fool ;

An' I's gwine ter sen' him

Ter de school. "

Bein's how it looked like

She was bent

On the projeck, Ebo

Tuk 'n' went.

An' since dat lars' summer,

Don't you see ?

Dat 'ar boy have p'int'ly

Outdone me !

Whe—ew ! de rorrations,

Dem o' his'n !

Umph ! I busses laughin'

Jes ter lissen !

What you think dat Ebo
Come tell me ?
Dat all dis here y'arth here—
Flat, you see—

Dat it's roun' an' rolls jes'
Like a ball !
“ Ebo, dat's a lie,” I
Says, “ dat's all !

“ Don't yer see yer mammy,
Every night,
Set de water-piggin
Out o' sight

“ Ob you chillun, up dar
On de shelf?
Now, Mars' Spellin'-booker,
'Splain yerself.

“ Sunrise, dat ar water's
In dar still ;
Ef de y'arth turned over,
It 'ud spill !”

But he keeps resistin'
It are so :
Eddication's done gone
Sp'ilt Ebo.

He's forever tellin'
Some sich lie ;
He's gwi' fin' out better
By-um-by.

Ef Ebo keeps l'arnin'
 At dat school,
 Nex' thing he'll be provin'
 I's a fool !

I are p'int'ly gwine ter
 Take Ebo
 'Way f'om dat 'ar school'ouse,
 Sart'in sho' !

THE SOLDIER'S FATE.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

DEEMING that love and hope no more
 Would come to him on sea or shore,
 In some fierce fray he longed to die ;
 But death, disdainful, passed him by.

And when, at last, glad tidings came,
 The homeward call to love and fame,
 Close to a fen of poisonous breath
 The soldier met an ambushed death !

WORTHINESS.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

WHATEVER lacks purpose is evil ; a pool without pebbles
 breeds slime ;
 Not any one step hath chance fashioned on the infinite
 stairway of time ;
 Nor ever came good without labor, in toil, or in science,
 or art ;
 It must be wrought out thro' the muscles—born out of the
 soul and the heart.

Why plough in the stubble with ploughshares ? Why win-
now the chaff from the grain ?
Ah, since all of His gifts must be toiled for, since truth is
not born without pain !
He giveth not to the unworthy, the weak, or the foolish in
deeds ;
Who soweth but chaff at the seed-time shall reap but a
harvest of weeds.

As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by His whirl-
winds to naught,
So the song without truth is forgotten : His poem to man
is man's thought.
Whatever is strong with a purpose in humbleness wrought
and soul-pure,
Is known to the Master of Singers : He toucheth it, saying,
" Endure."

ST. AUGUSTINE.

MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM.

A CITY built upon the sands,
St. Augustine, the ancient, stands.
Eastward, the black Matanzas' wave ;
Westward, Sabastian's waters lave
The marshes stretching toward the main.
Landward, a waste of barren plain.
So grim, so gray, and old, it seems
A realm of half-remembered dreams.

Where rose her walls there's scarce a clod
Aspires above the levelled sod ;
Where trails and clammers, wild and free,
The fragrant rose of Cherokee,

And clumps of stunted cedars grow ;
Gnarled willows in the moat below
Whose depth now measures scarce a span,
Shallow as vaunt of boasting man !

Twin shafts of crumbling brick and stone,
The ancient gate-way stands alone ;
Around those once commanding towers,
Now cling the golden jasmine flowers ;
While through yon great breach, yawning wide,
Oozes a stream whose listless tide,
Emboldened by the sad decay,
Unchallenged winds its sluggish way.

Fair even in age the Plaza gay,
Where fountains shower their crystal spray,
And wreaths of odorous orange bloom
Burden the air with rich perfume,
And whispering south winds sway and toss
The long festoons of sombre moss,
In shaded nooks where sunbeams play
At hide-and-seek the livelong day.

But blackened ruins mark the spot—
On this fair scene the only blot—
Where once the old slave-market stood
When trafficked men in human blood,
And Afric's sons were bought and sold
Like sheep and swine for Spanish gold ;
And rude Oppression forced apart
The tenderest ties that bind the heart !

Down by the placid river's marge,
Where sloop and schooner, bark and barge,
And gilded yacht at anchor lie,
And white-winged gulls are circling high,

Seaward the current sets, and fast
The ebbing tide goes rushing past ;
The waves along the old sea wall,
In rhythmic cadence, rise and fall.

With awe and reverence strong and deep,
I mount that castellated steep,
Beneath whose portals, roughly arched,
The mail-clad Spaniard proudly marched,
While boom of thunderous cannon rolled,
And storms of martial music told
That Spain's broad banner still unfurled
Its conquering folds o'er half the world !

The mitred abbot chanted here
The glad *Te Deum* loud and clear,
And St. Iago's name was praised
While trumpets rang and bonfires blazed.
Within this court-yard's ample space
Proud Valor paid to Beauty's grace,
On bended knee, the homage due
From loyal knight to lady true.

Above yon rugged arch I trace
Lines that all time can ne'er efface,—
Deep graven in the dark gray stone
The royal seal of Arragon !
And just below the graver wrote
A name that like a bugle-note
Stirred many a heart, nerved many a hand,
The kingly name of Ferdinand !

Deserted now each vaulted room
And voiceless is the donjon's gloom ;
My footsteps in the lonely keep
Disturb the hermit echoes' sleep.

Th' "Alerta !" of the sentinel
Is heard no more ; the castle-bell
Is hushed ; and 'neath the turret's crest
A brooding screech owl builds her nest.

Within that tower I sit and gaze
To'ard the dull bank of purple haze
Where earth and sky and ocean meet,
And wild Atlantic billows beat
Upon the bar, where ghastly white
The sand dunes glisten in the light,
Like some dead isle's gaunt skeleton
Left bleaching, crumbling, in the sun.

But day is dying ! Swift and fleet
The twilight speeds with flying feet,
While Anastasia's shores grow dim
Old Ocean chants his vesper hymn.
A widowed seabird sadly croons
Her dismal lay among the dunes ;
A thousand stars in silvery sheen
Look down on old St. Augustine.

THE DINNER-HORN.

W. T. DUMAS.

WHEN lazy dials point to noon,
And clocks are chiming out the hour ;
When sable Phyllis 'gins to croon,
And pigeons nod upon the tower,

Black Tom, beneath the spreading tree
That shades the pleasant farmhouse yard,
Looks out across the shimmering lea,
And blows the bugle long and hard.

Blow, bugler ! let the echoes float
The fields and woodland slopes along,
Till every wild but mellow note
Bursts on the distant hills in song.

Sound thro' the valleys, cool and green,
Where tinkling brooklets purl and creep ;
Sound where the nodding flowers are seen,
And wake the poppy from its sleep !

Where cattle drink by shady streams,
Where wave the yellow fields of wheat,
Where ploughboys drive their sweating teams,
Send out thy notes prolonged and sweet.

The laborer casts aside his hoe,
The horse, delighted, 'gins to neigh ;
What says the bugle, well they know,
Although it speaks a mile away.

“ Come to the cool and dripping well,
And at its mossy curbstone kneel
And lave thy sweaty face a spell,
And eat the simple noonday meal.

“ There's cider from the oaken press,
Hid in the cellar, dark and old ;
There's many a sweet you cannot guess,
There's tempting cream the hue of gold.”

Sing, bugle, sing with all thy power,
And let thy last note be the best !
Thou hast announced the golden hour,
The noonday's hour of drowsy rest.

O bugle of the good old days,
Forever silent in the South ;
Poor Tom has grown too weak to raise
Unto his lips thy mellow mouth.

No darkey of the younger brood,
Tho' he should blow his lungs away,
Can send afloat, o'er field and wood,
The notes that he was wont to play.

The songs the red-lipped maidens sing
Along my pulses bound and thrill ;
They charm, but no such pictures bring
As that old bugle on the hill.

I seem again with blushing June
To stand amid the fields of corn,
Whene'er, thro' languid airs of noon,
I hear the distant bugle-horn.

And, oh ! I sigh for boyhood's time,
For our old homestead on the hill,
And for the drowsy, droning rhyme
Sung by the busy water-mill.

The cherry's blood was richer then,
The peach was of a deeper hue ;
And I have wondered if again
The skies can ever be so blue.

Ah ! could I be again a boy,
And could I be where I was born,
I'd kiss thy lips with reverent joy,
And hug thee, battered bugle-horn !

THE LOVE-FEAST AT WAYCROSS.

FRANK L. STANTON.

It was in the town o' Waycross, not many weeks ago,
They had a big revival there, as like enough you know ;
An' though many was converted an' fer pardon made to
 call,
Yet the Sunday mornin' love-feast was the happiest time
 o' all.

'Twas a great experience meetin', an' it done me good
 to hear
The brotherin an' the sisterin that talked religion there ;
You didn't have to ax 'em, ner coax 'em with a song ;
Them people had religion, an' they told it right along !

Thar was one, a hard old sinner,—'pears like I knowed
 his name,
But I reckon I've forgot it—who to the altar came ;
An' he took the leader by the han', with beamin' face an'
 bright,
An' said, "I'm comin' home, dear fr'en's ; I'm comin'
 home to-night !"

Then a woman rose an' axed to be remembered in their
 prayers :
"My husband's comin' home," said she, a-sheddin'
 thankful tears ;
"I want you all to pray fer him ; he's lived in sin's
 control,
But I think the love o' Jesus is a-breakin' on his soul !"

Any shoutin' ? Well, I reckon so ! One brother give a
 shout :
Said he had so much religion he was 'bliged to let it out !

An' the preacher j'ined the chorus, sayin', "Brotherin,
let 'er roll !

A man can't keep from shoutin' with religion in his soul !"

I tell you, 'twas a happy time ; I wished 'twould never
end :

Each sinner in the church that day had Jesus fer a friend ;
But a good old deacon said to 'em, while tears stood in
his eye :

"There's a better time 'an this, dear fr'en's, a-comin' by
an' by !"

I hope some day those brotherin 'll meet with one accord
In the higher, holier love-feast, whose leader is the Lord :
An' when this here life is over, with its sorrow an' its
sighs,

May the little church at Waycross jine the big church in
the skies !

MY DEAD FRIEND.

FRANK L. STANTON.

ADOWN the vale of Life together
We walked in spring and winter weather,
When days were dim, when days were bright ;
My friend of whom God's will bereft me,
Whose kind, congenial spirit left me
And went forth in the Unknown Night.

I saw his step grow more invalid,
I saw his cheek grow pallid—pallid,
And wither like a dying rose ;
Until, at length, being all too weary
For Life's rude scenes and places dreary,
He bade farewell to friends and foes.

This is his grave. The Spring with flowers
Bestrews it in the morning hours,
Her rarest roses o'er him bowed ;
And Summer pauses to deplore him,
And weeping Winter arches o'er him
Her solemn drapery of cloud.

He was not faultless. God, who gave him
Life, and Christ, who died to save him,
Sent Sorrow, wherewith he was tried ;
And if, as I who loved him name him,
There should be heard a voice to blame him,
May we not answer, " Christ hath died " ?

Ah, verily ! . . . I fancy often
I see his kindly features soften,—
I mark his melting eyes grow dim,
While Hunger, with its pained appealing,
Its want and woe and grief revealing,
Stretched its imploring palms to him.

He cannot answer now. He never,
In all the dim, vast, deep Forever,
Shall speak with human words again.
He cannot hear the song-birds calling ;
He cannot feel the spring dews falling,
Nor sigh when winter winds complain.

Deep is his sleep. He would not waken
Though earth were to her centre shaken
By the loud thunders of a God.
Though the strong sea, by tempest driven,
With wailing waves rock earth and heaven,
He would not answer from the sod.

So be it, friend ! A little while hence,
And in the dear, deep, dreamless silence
We too shall share thy couch of rest.
When we have trod Life's pathways dreary,
Kind Death will take the hands grown weary,
And gently fold them o'er the breast.

Sleep on, dear friend ! No marble column
Gleams in the lights and shadows solemn
Over the grasses on thy grave ;
But flowers bloom there—the roses love thee ;
And the tall oaks that tower above thee,
Their broad, green banners o'er thee wave.

Sleep, while the weary years are flying ;
While men are born, while men are dying !
Sleep on thy curtained couch of sod !
Thine be the rest which Christ hath given,
Thine be the Christian's hope of Heaven ;
Thine be the perfect peace of God !

IN LOOKING ON THE HAPPY AUTUMN FIELDS.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

AH, happy fields, at rest from fruitfulness !
No careless storm of the ungentle Spring
Uptore your venturing roots, nor pierced the sting
Of spiteful frost your early promises.
The skies were blue above you. With caress
Of gentlest beams the sun lured you to bring
Your blushing blossoms forth, and from the wing
Of night were shaken dews their thirst to bless.

For shadows had ye but the bounteous clouds
That, passing, spanned you with the arch of hope ;
No canker-worms made of your leaves their shrouds,
Nor envious hand sowed tares on every slope.
And now the jocund harvesters have blest you,
Ye happy fields, that from your labors rest you.

Kind Heaven ! so order the uncertain days
Of my brief mortal season, so defend
From frost and drought and tempest, so befriend
With sun and dew, and bows of promise raise,
So temper to me all the cold world's ways
That not in vain my toiling strength I spend,
But come in ripeness to the perfect end,
And be at rest in life's autumnal haze !

Naught were it then upon the heart to take
The ice of death and in it lie entombed,
As when on you the snows of winter break,
Ye mourn not for the spring-time when ye bloomed.
Ah ! let me know the harvesters have blest me,
Ere I from all my labor come to rest me !

AS SOME MYSTERIOUS WANDERER OF THE SKIES.

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

As some mysterious wanderer of the skies,
Emerging from the deeps of outer dark,
Traces for once in human ken the arc
Of its stupendous curve, then swiftly flies
Out through some orbit veiled in space, which lies
Where no imagination may embark,—
Some onward-reaching track that God did mark
For all eternity beneath his eyes,—

So comes the soul forth from creation's vast :
So clothed with mystery moves through mortal sight ;
Then sinks away into the Great Unknown.
What systems it hath seen in all the past,
What worlds shall blaze upon its future flight,
Thou knowest, eternal God, and thou alone !

TO A MOCKING-BIRD.

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

THE name thou wearest does thee grievous wrong :
No mimic thou ; that voice is thine alone.
The poets sing but strains of Shakespeare's song ;
The birds, but notes of thine imperial own.

TO MY COMRADE TREE.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

REMOTE in woods where thrushes chant ;
Or on some lonely mountain slope ;
Or in a copse, the cuckoo's haunt ;
With fingers pointing to the cope,
There stands a tree, there stands a tree
Must fall before they bury me.

O waiting heart, where'er thou art,
At last thy dust with mine shall blend ;
For though we spend our days apart,
We come together at the end ;
And thou with me and I with thee
Must lie in perfect unity.

Within a cramped confine of space,
And owning naught of earth beside,
That heart must be my dwelling-place
For whom the world was not too wide.
A new-time Dryad, mine must be
The shape that shall inhabit thee.

Perchance in some lone wandering
On thy old roots I may have lain,
And heard, above, the wood-birds sing,
While God looked down upon no twain ;
And did I feel no thrill with thee
Of fellowship and sympathy ?

Is thy strong heart ne'er wearied out
With standing 'neath the over-freight
Of boughs that compass thee about
With mass of green, or white, a-weight ?
O patient tree ! O patient tree !
Dost never long for rest, like me ?

I know thou spreadest grateful shade
When fierce the noontide sun doth beat ;
And birds their nests in thee have made,
And cattle rested at thy feet :
Heaven grant I make this life of mine
As beautiful and brave as thine !

And when thy circling cloak is doffed,
Thou standest on the storm-swept sod
And liftest thy long arms aloft
In mute appealing to thy God,
Appeal for me, appeal for me,
That I may stand as steadfastly.

Let me fulfil my destiny
And calmly wait for thee, O friend !
For thou must fall, and I must die,
And come together at the end ;
To quiet slumbering addressed :
Shut off from storm, shut in for rest.

Thus, lying in God's mighty hand
While His great purposes unfold,
We'll feel, as was from Chaos planned,
His breath inform our formless mould :
New shape for thee, new life for me,
For both—a vast eternity.

TO A POET.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

IF thou art a poet-son of God,
Fix upon the heights thy steadfast glance ;
Listen with quick ear to catch His word ;
Speak, as He shall give thee utterance.

Speak what earth unseals to thee,
And the sky reveals to thee ;
What the hoarse wind shrieks ;
And the dark tide speaks ;
What the storm-clouds thunder
In their meeting crash ;
What the lurid wonder
Of the lightning flash.

Why the strong sun sets
And the planets rise ;
Why the rainbow spans
The wet summer skies ;

What the forests utter,
 With incessant sound ;
What the caverns mutter,
 Rumbling underground ;
What the crag reveals
 Where man never trod ;
What the abyss conceals
 Of the ways of God.

What the eagle calls
 To the wild glen :
What the waterfalls
 Answer again.
What the snake hisses ;
 What the wolf yells ;
What, to the nestling,
 The owl's hooting tells.

What the hawk screameth
 Over her nest :
What the heart dreameth
 In mother's breast.
What the streams are gurgling
 In a pleasant voice ;
Why the lambs are racing ;
 Why the birds rejoice.
What thrushes sing to thee ;
What church-bells ring to thee :

Why the flowers fade ;
 Why the earthworm dies,
While the chrysalids
 Change to butterflies.
What the message of the rose
 Or the violet ;

Why each sweetest thing that grows
Is with tear-drops wet,
What the mind guesses,
Day after day,
Through dim recesses
Groping its way.
What the stars show
Each unto each ;
What the moon answers
In silver speech.
What of joy reaches thee ;
What thy pain teaches thee
That do thou teach.

Let thine inspiration,
Thy wisdom, be
What God's creation
Calleth to thee.

THE BACK-LOG.

INNES RANDOLPH.

It was a rule at Thornton Hall,
Unbroken from colonial days,
That holiday at Christmas-tide
Was measured by the Christmas blaze ;
For till the back-log burned in two,
The darkeys on the place were free
To dance and laugh and eat and drink,
And give themselves to jollity.
And mighty were the logs they brought,
Of weight that six stout men might bear,
All gnarled and knotted, slow to burn :
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Old Ned had cut the log that year,
Old Ned, the fiddler, far renowned,
Who played at every country dance
That happened thirty miles around.
He cut the log ; for days his face
Showed gleams of merriment and craft,
He often went behind the house,
And leaned against the wall and laughed,
And called the other darkeys round
And whispered to them in the ear,
And loud the ringing laughter broke :
For Christmas comes but once a year.

At twilight upon Christmas Eve
The log was borne on shoulders strong
Of men who marked their cadenced steps
With music as they came along ;
And Ned, with air of high command,
Came marching at the head of all,
As he had done for " thirty year,"
On Christmas Eve at Thornton Hall.
He led the chorus as they marched,
The voices ringing loud and clear
From lusty throats and happy hearts :
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Though briskly blazed at Christmas Eve
That fire with flames and embers bright,
Until the antique fireplace lit
The panelled walls with ruddy light ;
Although the spacious chimney roared
Like woodlands in autumnal gales,
And lion andirons of bronze
Were red-hot in their manes and tails,

That back-log incombustible,
Lay quite unkindled in the rear,
Or only slightly scorched and charred :
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Wide open swung the great hall door
Before the east was gray with dawn,
And sleighs with argosies of girls
Came jingling up across the lawn,
Came youths astride of prancing steeds,
Came cousins to the tenth remove,
With cousins greeting by the sweet
Lip-services that cousins love.
The silver tankard went around
To every lip with brave good cheer,
According to the ancient rites :
For Christmas comes but once a year.

They feasted high at Thornton Hall,
The Christmas revel lasted long :
They danced the old Virginia reels,
And chanted many a jovial song.
The old folk prosed, the young made love ;
They played the romps of olden days,
They told strange tales of ghost and witch,
While sitting round the chimney's blaze.
But though the pile of lightwood knots
Defied the frosty atmosphere,
The back-log still held bravely out :
For Christmas comes but once a year.

And at the quarter merry rang
The fiddle's scrape, the banjo's twang ;
How rhythmic beat the happy feet !
How rollicksome the songs they sang !

No work at all for hands to do,
But work abundant for the jaws,
And good things plenty smoking hot,
Made laughter come in great yaw-haws !
They frolicked early, frolicked late,
And freely flowed the grog, I fear,
According to the settled rule :
For Christmas comes but once a year.

So passed the merry Christmas week,
And New Year's morning came and passed .
The revel ceased, the guests went home,
The back-log burned in two at last.
And then old master sent for Ned,
Still mellow with protracted grog,
And asked him where, in Satan's name,
He picked him out that fire-proof log :
And Ned, with all the dignity
That drink confers, contrived to speak :
" I tuk and cut a black-gum log,
And soaked it nine days in de creek.
I fear it was a wicked thing,
I'm feared to meet de oberseer ;
But den you mus' remember, sah,
Dat Christmas comes but once a year."

A SUPPOSITION.

NETTIE HOUSTON BRINGHURST.

IF the announcing angel did not come
With tidings strange to Jewish Mary's home ;
Nor e'er foretold the glorious thing,
For which the earth was glad, of which the angels sing ;

If journeying wise men did not see the star
 Pointing the Promised in the East afar ;
 If Bethlehem's babe were not the Holy One,
 And God the Father called not Christ His Son ;
 If for our sakes He chose not mortal birth,
 Nor dwelt a wanderer on the face of earth ;
 Nor deemed His sacred blood a fitting gift
 Sin's heavy burden from our souls to lift ;
 If we reject Him, as the thinker saith,
 What have we in thy place, oh, precious Faith ?

A WEB OF TATTING.

JEANNETTE CARUTHERS.

THIS is the window ; see, the Southern sun
 (Dashed with quaint shadow-leaves, that move and play)
 Falls in a fretted square
 Over this old oak-chair,
 Just as a thousand times it must have done
 When she sat silent here the livelong day.

The livelong day, weaving this lacy web
 With deft white hands, that paused and wearied not,
 Except to let her cite
 A mock-bird's circling flight ;
 Or far below, the noon-wave's quiet ebb,
 And blend with it some deep and dreamy thought.

A gracious woman was she,—beauty born,—
 Too always conscious of it to seem aware ;
 She wore her beauty still,
 Seeming against her will,
 Though youth had faded,—youth's fine fervor gone,—
 With something of a tired, reluctant air.

One gazing on her tranquil, dreamy face
Had never guessed the passionate heart below ;
Had never guessed the strife,
The anguish of her life,
That passed before that fine self-conquering grace
Had calmed her heart, and clothed her beauty so.

She dreamed one passionate dream, and it sufficed ;
The day the cold clods fell upon his heart,
Joy, hope, ambition died,—
Their faithful love denied ;
Henceforth no luring voice of earth enticed ;
She lived her stainless widow-life apart.

Apart with those, his own, whose lives were marred
By the same bitter loss that wrecked her own ;
To these in loyal wise
She lifted patient eyes,
And served through fortune fair and evil-starred,
Yielding her heart to no faint, fretful moan.

But conquering through patience her despair,
She learned to wait and work, and when her hands
Unnerved, and heart-confused,
All other work refused,
She made this woven phantasy her care,
And wrought in bitterest days these flowery bands.

What life-despair and pain is woven here,
Unseen of all who watched the fair design !
This circle means a sigh ;
This rose a deep heart-cry ;
These leaves were wet with many and many a tear ;
The agony of years is in this vine !

But when at last the tear of grief could ebb,
And gentle thoughts, like flowers after storm,
Began to lift the head
And some faint fragrance shed,
She did not cast aside this simple web ;
But wrought, and seemed to quicken thought therefrom.

Strange shadows from the world without swept by
Those absent eyes, that watched the glancing thread ;
Intrepid thought, that far
Followed the latest star,
Science, which wed with truth can never die ;
Philosophies half false, and thus half dead.

Dim dreams and fancies from the Muses' world,
Sweetly attuned to music too, would drift
Above her quiet soul
Like morning mists, that roll
O'er tranquil lakes, enwoven with fine gold,
Until the wakening breeze shall bid them lift.

She had the ear to hear, the eye to see ;
The heart that, wise in silence, understands ;
She might have won some crown
Of this world's fair renown,
Could she have stooped to blend familiarly
With crowds, and tune her song to their demands.

The world, free with its gold, will never lack
Its praises, sung in poet cadence fine ;
Her part, her one delight,
Always to walk in white,
And all along life's dark and dusty track
Fearless to follow on the light divine.

Here, Lelia, take the web ; some semblance fair
Of shadowy leaves has passed into its face ;
 A wing of passing bird,
 A flower-bell, wind-stirred,
And something of the whiteness fine and clear
Of a pure life's most rare and perfect grace.

Yes, Lelia,—take it, child,—and when the art
Of love shall drape you faultless, and you go
 To that high altar bright
 Upon your bridal night,
Wear this, and wear it nearer to your heart
Than finest laces of your bridal snow.

THE SIREN.

THOMAS B. FORD.

IN dreams I see a siren, who is sitting by a sea,
Ever singing of the future, and a happy time to be ;
In the splendors of the starlight, underneath a crescent
 moon,
She chants of bounteous harvests and a golden-freighted
 June.

And she has sung these songs to me through all the weary
 years ;
And I have watched and waited long in doubts, and hopes,
 and tears,
A-watching and a-waiting for the happy times to be,
That this cruel, cruel siren sings so constantly to me.

But still the night grows longer, and the stars begin to wane
As o'er my rough and rugged way still falls that mocking
 strain ;
And still I struggle onward, to that silent, unknown sea,
While this deceitful siren sings of things that are to be.

HE WHO HATH LOVED.

WALTER MALONE.

HE who hath loved hath borne a vassal's chain,
And worn the royal purple of a king ;
Hath shrunk beneath the icy winter's sting,
Then revelled in the golden summer's reign ;
He hath within the dust and ashes lain,
Then soared o'er mountains on an eagle's wing ;
A hut hath slept in, worn with wandering,
And hath been lord of castle towers in Spain.

He who hath loved hath starved in beggar's cell,
Then in Aladdin's jewelled chariot driven ;
He hath with passion roamed a demon fell,
And had an angel's raiment to him given ;
His restless soul hath burned with flames of hell,
And winged through ever-blooming fields of heaven.

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

ELVIRA SYDNOR MILLER.

BEYOND these loveless regions where we wander,
Beyond the rose and snow,
To some celestial country over yonder
Our little pilgrims go.

Some silent and some singing, some called early
Who do not speak, but smile,
Lost darlings with bright eyes and locks so curly,
Heirs of love's after-while.

We read full oft in some quaint old-time story,
Traced by a monkish hand,

How once the children, dreaming dreams of glory,
Sought for the holy land.

Bright-eyed and brave they went from town to city,
Urged by the heavenly call,
While worldly souls looked on in love and pity,
But stayed them not withal.

And some who loved them wept, and some were quiet,
And some smiled as they passed ;
They knew, beyond the heart-break and the riot,
They'd find God's land at last.

And so they passed beyond all earthly noises,
Beyond all human sight,
Yet still the echo of their angel voices
Was blown back through the night.

* * * * * *
And even now as in the old-time story,
Led by some angel hand,
Our little pilgrims, dreaming dreams of glory,
Seek for the holy land.

They rise and leave us at the flush of dawning,
At sunset or at night,
Nor smiles, nor tears, nor words of earthly warning,
May stay them in their flight.

They leave no footsteps on the April grasses,
Nor on the highway wide,
But wheresoe'er the glad procession passes,
The earth seems sanctified.

We may not know what cares or ills befall them,
So swift our joy is slain ;
But all things fair and pure and good, recall them
And bid them live again.

And so beyond these regions where we wander,
 Beyond the rose and snow,
 To some celestial country over yonder
 Our little pilgrims go.

BEREFT.

ANNAH ROBERTSON WATSON.

I KNEW just how much I loved him ! there comes no revealing to me
 Of the depths of passionate feeling ; I knew what the world would be
 Without him.

I had visions of its desolation, I had measured its emptiness drear,
 And had looked with frightened eyes often to this possible woe, now here,
 Without him.

You need not talk at me now, nor tell me the value of tears ;
 Be quiet, the height of my effort will be only to live
 Without him.

Ambition ! the children be quiet. How dare you name them to me ?
 In this vast solitude I inhabit only shadows they seem to be
 Without him.

* * * * *
 O God ! forgive these first moments' despairing and hopeless regret ;
 Oh, help me to stifle this moaning, 'tis all that I feel as yet,
 Without him.

Oh, help me be silent, submissive ; oh, lay Thy hand on
 my heart,
 To still its rebellious beatings and teach it to do its part
 Without him.

TWO SELVES.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

UNTO myself I have grown strangely great
 And wise and good.
 Crowned with rare beauty, lo ! I sit in state.
 Of womanhood,
 The lofty queen ; so wondrous fair am I
 That angels come,
 To peep out from their windows in the sky
 And then grow dumb
 With envy of my perfect loveliness ;
 While all the world
 Lives but to do me homage and to bless
 My days. Ur-
 Life's greatest honors eyes to greet ;
 How strange it is
 All these high praises—a strange and sweet,
 As if in dreams
 I walked ; yet unto one, streams I know
 All seem as true
 As truth itself, because you see me so.
 Dear heart, to you
 I am all that I am not and would be.
 Thy love hath made
 Me stand before my true self tremblingly
 Shy and afraid.
 I look up to my new self with this trust :
 That I may climb

On thy love's ladder from my human dust,
And win in time
The stars you now see in my lowly brow.
Thy love alone
Hath power to lift me to that self which now
You deem my own.

SIDNEY LANIER.

WAITMAN BARBE.

O SPIRIT to a kingly holding born !
As beautiful as any southern morn
That wakes to woo the willing hills,
Thy life was hedged about by ills
As pitiless as any northern night ;
Yet thou didst make it as thy "sunrise" bright.

The seas were not too deep for thee ; thine eye
Was comrade with the farthest star on high.
The marsh burst into bloom for thee,—
And still abloom shall ever be !
Its sluggish tide shall henceforth bear away
A charm it did not hold until thy day.

And Life walks out upon the slipping sands
With more of flowers in her trembling hands
Since thou didst suffer and didst sing !
And so to thy dear grave I bring
One little rose, in poor exchange for all
The flowers that from thy rich hand did fall.

UNGENEROUS.

LEONORA BECK.

UNTO my only sweetheart
I sent a valentine :
'Twas just a few warm heart-words
Margined with passion vine.
I sketched the trailing leaf fringe,
The verses, too, were mine.

And when the first March violet,
Amid a storm uptossed,
Smiled back in shy defiance
Of cold-scythed, sharp King Frost,
Upgathering I bore it
To her whom I loved most.

When April showered primroses,
And marguerites, the May,
The gold and pearly treasures
That crowned each sun-bright day
Prodigal, I hasted
Within her hands to lay.

For valentine and violet,
Primrose and marguerite,
For roses pink and amber,
June threw me for my sweet,
For my whole life's one soul-love,
What leaves she at my feet ?

Oh, heart's best, was it generous
For all the gifts I gave
To give me this ?—Still whitely
June's first tall lilies wave,
While you forget, on star heights,
That I have but your grave.

THE LAST SLUMBER.

MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.

He sleeps.
 Who sleeps?
 You do not know,
 And I must tell you soft and low,
 My little baby sleepeth so.
 He sleeps.
 My baby sleeps so late !
 The little birds awake and sing,
 And flit about on happy wing.
 He waketh not for anything.
 He sleeps so late,
 My baby sleeps.

The noon upon the morn doth wait ;
 The sun shines full upon the gate ;
 The bees and birds are in full tune,
 And summer life is at its noon—
 My heart doth break !
 My baby never will awake !

He sleeps.
 The tender eve draws near ;
 The lights of home are shining clear,
 But in the churchyard, dark and drear,
 My little baby sleeps.

THE EVE OF ALL SAINTS.

I.

THIS is the tale they tell,
 Of an Hallowe'en ;
 This is the thing that befell

Czweîn

Me and the village belle,
Beautiful Aimee Dean.

II.

Did I love her?—God and she,
They know and I !
And love was the life of me—
Whatever else may be,
Would God that I could die !

III.

That All-Saints' eve was dim ;
The frost lay white
Under strange stars and a slim
Moon in the graveyard grim,
An autumn ghost of light.

IV.

They told her : " Go alone,
With never a word,
To the burial plot's unknown
Grave with the grayest stone,
When the clock on twelve is heard ;

V.

" Three times around it pass,
With never a sound ;
Each time a wisp of grass
And myrtle pluck, and pass
Out of the ghostly ground.

VI.

" And the bridegroom that's to be
At smiling wait,
With a face like mist to see,
With graceful gallantry
Will bow you to the gate."

VII.

She laughed at this, and so
 Bespoke us how
To the burial place she'd go :
And I was glad to know,
 For I'd be there to bow.

VIII.

An acre from the farm
 The homestead graves
Lay walled from sun and storm ;
Old cedars of priestly form
 Around like sentinel slaves.

IX.

I loved, but never could say
 Such words to her,
And waited from day to day,
Nursing the hopes that lay
 Under the doubts that were.

X.

She passed 'neath the iron arch
 Of the legended ground,
And the moon like a twisted torch
Burned over one lonesome larch ;
 She passed with never a sound.

XI.

Three times had the circle traced,
 Three times had bent
To the grave that the myrtle graced ;
Three times, then softly faced
 Homeward, and slowly went.

XII.

Had the moonlight changed me so ?
Or fear undone
Her stepping strange and slow ?
Did she see and did not know ?
Or loved she another one ?

XIII.

Who knows ?—She turned to flee
With a face so white
That it haunts and will haunt me ;
The wind blew gustily,
The graveyard gate clanged tight.

XIV.

Did she think it me, or what,
Clutching her dress ?
Her face so pinched that not
A star in a stormy spot
Shows half as much distress.

XV.

Did I speak ? did she answer aught ?
O God ! had I said,
“ Aimee, 'tis I ! ” but naught !
And the mist and the moon distraught
Stared with me on her—dead. . . .

XVI.

This is the tale they tell
Of the Hallowe'en ;
This is the thing that befell
Me and the village belle,
Beautiful Aimee Dean.

THE QUATRAIN.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

ONLY four scanty lines are there,
Yet might a master mind rehearse
All heaven's hope and hell's despair
Within one little trembling verse.

DRIFTING.

ALBA MALONE.

I'M drifting on the waters, the waters deep and wide,
Drifting without a pilot, without a hand to guide,
Drifting out to seaward, drifting with the tide.

I used to fret and struggle to reach a longed-for shore ;
I set my boat against the tide, against the breaker's roar ;
I hoisted sail against the wind, and stoutly plied the oar.

But soon I learned a bitter truth : It is of no avail
Against the wind and tide of fate to set a mortal sail ;
The ocean's wind, the ocean's tide, will in the end prevail.

So my sail is furled, my oar is still, I do not lift a hand ;
I only sit with folded arms and watch the foam-washed
sand,

While I drift away to seaward from the fast-receding land.

That land is fading, fading—the last faint streak is gone ;
With folded arms I'm drifting, swiftly drifting on ;
Far out to sea I'll surely be before the break of dawn.

The night is closing 'round me, and danger may be nigh ;
The wind is sobbing, moaning, the waves are breaking
high ;

The sullen thunder mutters from out the cloud-girt sky.

But still I'm drifting onward beyond the range of sight,
 God's will my only compass, sail, or beacon light,
 Drifting, ever drifting into the unknown night.

I do not know where I may go, I may not reach the shore ;
 The breakers high that lash the sky and wildly, madly
 roar
 May sink me deep where I shall sleep with myriads gone
 before ;

But still with folded arms I sit and threatening dangers
 hear ;
 The ocean's wave, the ocean's tide, I do not, cannot fear ;
 Too well I know, for weal or woe, God's providence is
 here.

I'm drifting on the waters, the waters deep and wide,
 Drifting on, with folded arms, with no mortal hand to
 guide,
 Drifting where, I know not, but I'm drifting with God's
 tide.

A DECEMBER ROSE.

LIZETTE WORDSWORTH REESE.

A ROSE is a rose all times of the year.
 I have one out in my garden there,
 In the deep grass out by the gray old stair,—
 A breath of June in December drear.

Ah, but its red is a little sere,
 And nipped by the frost in last night's air !
 A rose is a rose all times of the year.
 I have one out in my garden there.

So, when Love comes, he is counted dear,
With his reed at his lips, in June-tide fair,
A piping sweet, or with wind-blown hair,
And tears in his eyes in December drear.
A rose is a rose all times of the year.

DOUBT.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

CREEDS grow so thick along the way,
Their boughs hide God : I cannot pray.

HEROISM.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

WHETHER we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend,—
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.

OVER THE SEA LIES SPAIN.

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

PERHAPS they may count me a beggar here,
With never a roof for the wind and the rain ;
But there is the sea and the wave-lashed pier,
And over the sea lies Spain.

And there am I held by a title high,
As befitteth the lord of a broad demesne ;
For there is my kingdom and here am I,
With only the sea between.

And what if the sea be deep, be deep,
And what if the sea be wide ?
Some day I shall float in my own fair boat
And sail to the other side.

A certain man in the city I meet,
As he steps to his coach at the curbstone there,
From a solemn house in a stately street ;
You would know him rich by his air.

He gives me a finger or two to hold,
Or only a passing nod may deign ;
He does not know of my title and gold,
My castle and lands in Spain.

And what care I for his bonds and stocks ?
No solemn house in the city for me !
His are the ships that lie at the docks ;
But I have a ship at sea.

And what if the land be far, be far,
And what if the sea be wide ?
Some day I shall sail with a favoring gale
To a port on the other side.

And now while I lie on the sea-beach here,
With the fisherman yonder mending his seine,
I know that only the sea sweeps clear
'Twixt me and my castle in Spain.

I can see the sun on its airy towers,
And a white hand beckon from over-sea ;
I can smell the breath of the rosy bowers,
Where somebody waits for me.

So contented I walk in this world of men,
To which by an alien name I am known ;
And how it will gape in wonder when
Don Carlos comes to his own !

Be never the land so far, so far,
Be never so deep the main,
There's a ship on the sea that belongs to me,
And over the sea lies Spain.

IMPENNATE.

LULAH RAGSDALE.

BIRD in the lucent height,
Cleaving the silver light
With mounting wing,
Why didst thou come my way ?
Thou hast disturbed my day ;
I, too, would sing.

Thou, with one passing strain,
Thrilled with the pulse of pain,
Yet sweet and strong,—
Thou hast shamed all my art ;
Bird, thou hast hurt my heart,
That aches with song.

Thou, Bird, afar canst fly,
Poising in sapphire sky,
Sick of Earth's sin :
Folding thy wings so near
Thou canst the heaven-harps hear,
Losing Earth's din.

I, plodding day by day,
Sing—with my feet in clay—
Impotently.

Music of upper spheres
By drip of human tears
Is drowned for me.

Bird, lost in far, fair shine,
If once thy wings were mine,
I'd sing thy strain.
But give those wings to me
Thy songs would henceforth be
Earthly and vain.

Birdling, one raptured day
I shall be freed from clay,
Wingèd as thou.
Cleaving the crystal sky,
As angels sing shall I,
Songs I *dream* now.

A MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM.

ANNIE WARREN MARSHALL.

WHITE as the whitest foam on the sea
That tosses its waves under fervent skies,
Or a feather dropped from an angel's wing
As it leant o'er the walls of Paradise.
Is this rare, faint fragrance the Magi's gift
From Arabia the Happy, my pure, pale flower !
Did you lift, in the gardens of Hesperus,
Your radiant face to the sun and shower ?

O white-browed Queen, with your crown of pearl,
The veil of the present falls in twain
At the spell of your touch, and in tender thought
I stand in your own bright land again.
I find strange shapes in the moss-hung woods,—
An army of phantoms, gray and old ;
The wayward jessamine climbs and clings
And falls in a Danaë shower of gold.

The scent of the pine-groves, where the wind
Sweeps all the chords in a minor key,
As though 'twere a Dryad's heart in pain
That murmured its sorrow unceasingly.
And I see, half waking and half in a dream,
In a riotous tangle of bud and bloom,
A high-walled garden o'errun with fern,
Where the pomegranate glows through the spicy gloom.

Tall lilies and violets brimmed with dew,
Cast over with shadows deep and cool ;
Rose leaves dappled with pink and pearl,
Afloat on the breast of a shallow pool,
And the beautiful dream of the Southern night !
Bright wonder of sudden and shining stars !
A shimmer of gold through the luminous dusk,
While the moon sails under her cloudy bars.

There's a line of light where the sky bends down
To touch the violet rim of the sea ;
And the spice-winds blow at their own sweet will,
From the far, fair isles where their home may be.
Afar in a thicket of moss and fern
A Bacchanal mocking-bird's lilting note
Breaks off in the midst of a rapturous song,
And dies with a thrill in his quivering throat.

Musk odors rise to the vast, deep sky,
And a vague expectancy fills the air ;
Faint, tremulous undertones, half afraid
To break into music, everywhere.
And into the purple and throbbing depths,
With a passionate pulse in the heart and brain,
I gaze through a strange, quick rush of tears,
With a wistful pleasure akin to pain.

Bride of the south wind ! I would stain
That snow with the blush of a new-found bliss,
Were I the lover to find your soul
And fathom its deeps with a bridal kiss.
At one bend of your stately and royal head,
And a glance of your flower-face unto mine,
I would follow you over and out of the world,
To that dim, wide realm that is half divine.

OVER AN OLD LETTER.

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

I LIFT it from the place where it was hidden
Out of the light away these many years ;
I read her letter o'er, and tears unbidden
Spring into eyes that long have known no tears.
Old dreams come to me, half forgotten fancies,—
Delicious days that long since found an end,—
As reading o'er the best of life's romances,
I find "Your little sweetheart" at the end.

Outside the window there, a bird is singing
His first sweet song unto the morning sky ;
Inside, deep in a man's heart, thoughts are springing
That have lain sleeping since his youth went by.

The bird's wild song is from his throat outpealing,
As if the strain his very throat would rend ;
No song may tell the memories o'er me stealing
At reading those three words just at the end,—

“ Your little sweetheart,” all the sad, sweet story
With fond remembrance to my spirit cries ;
Again I see hair of an amber glory
Tangled across the gleam of sunny eyes.
Thro' Time's dim halls a song rings soft and tender,
In whose sweet tones our joyous voices blend ;
Ah, yes ! they bring back all love's early splendor,
Those words, “ Your little sweetheart,” at the end.

Thro' the open door I turn my face to seaward,
Where rippling breezes o'er the blue waves blow ;
The shining bird is flying far to leeward,—
Just as she left me, in the long ago ;
Left me, a friend to come back to me never—
The chain is broken that no power can mend—
The hand will rest in mine no more forever
That wrote “ Your little sweetheart” at the end.

I lay aside the time-stained, yellow letter,
My little sweetheart, my last link to thee ;
Whether it all were for the worse or better,
May God be with you, wheresoe'er you be.
And howsoever much my feet may falter,
May your path lead where radiant roses bend,
For you will be what only death can alter,—
My little sweetheart to the very end.

I MISS THEE.

ANONYMOUS.

I MISS thee, I miss thee, my darling,
The light in the sky
Is never so golden, my darling,
As when thou art nigh.
The tender wild flowers are springing
All over the earth ;
And birds in the woodland are singing
With musical mirth.
But over my soul is brooding
A sorrow to-day,
The thought is forever intruding
That thou art away.

I miss thee, I miss thee, my darling,
The bright spring is here,
But not half so welcome, my darling,
As when thou wert near,
With blushes, as rosy as morning,
The peach blossoms glow ;
The wild plum her brow is adorning
With buds white as snow.
The bees o'er the sweet-scented flowers
Delightedly stray ;
But dreary to me are the hours,
For thou art away.

I miss thee, I miss thee, beloved,
The gentle sunshine
Is filling all spirits, beloved,
With gladness, save mine.
The zephyr's light pinions are shaking
The dew from the grass ;

And purple-eyed violets waking
Wherever they pass.
The turtle-dove coos to her lover
And chides his delay,
My heart sayeth, over and over,
Thou, too, art away.

I miss thee, I miss thee, my dear one ;
The odorous breeze
Is whispering tenderly, dear one,
His love to the trees.
The brooklet, while madly and fleetly
He rusheth along,
Is chanting, how wildly and sweetly,
A rapturous song.
The great heart of nature beats gladly
This beautiful day,
While mine throbbeth strangely and sadly,
For thou art away.

LEAVE ME NOT YET, MY MOTHER!

MRS. M. E. DREW.

LEAVE me not yet, my mother !
Bear with my mood to-night !
For mem'ries pure and sad and sweet
Are shedding hallowed light
Over the spectral, shadowy past
Of buried hopes and fears :
Of joys and sorrows shared by thee,
With gentlest smiles and tears.

Leave me not yet, my mother !
Thine was the sweetest face,
The sweetest smile in all the world
That infant eyes could trace.
As baby arms cling 'round my neck,
And soft lips turn to mine,
I feel the strength of mother-love,
And know the depth of thine.

Leave me not yet, my mother !
My later girlhood's hours,
Thou wouldst have made, if mortal might,
A path of woodland flowers.
And I, O Heaven ! cannot make
One dying pang the less ;
Or from thy heart an atom lift
Of anguish or distress !

Leave me not yet, my mother !
My dearest, truest guide.
Ah, me, thy feet are nearing fast
The shining river-side.
O God, that by some sacrifice
I might be lent the power
To give her, in this cruel night,
One sweet and restful hour !

Leave me not yet, my mother !
Alas, I plead in vain ;
Thy loving heart, thy gentle voice,
Will ne'er respond again.
Thy feet have crossed the sombre waves,
Have touched the golden shore ;
And thou hast found the peace, the bliss,
That lasteth evermore.

A SIMPLE SONG.

JAMES CHESTER ROCKWELL.

"If I could stand," the poet said,
"Upon yon mountain's distant crest
And catch the songs from overhead,
My soul no more would sigh to rest."

He stood upon the lonely height,
And heard the singing of the spheres;
He caught the music in its flight
And sent it ringing down the years.

But no one listened to the strain
That echoed from the far away :
"Alas," he cried "my toil is vain !
Too grand the songs for such as they."

And then he so touched his lyre
And sang a song so wild and sweet,
Of bleeding hopes and dead desire,
And, lo ! the world was at his feet.

APPENDIX.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

[Comparatively few of the following authors are mentioned in biographical dictionaries. Credit for names and dates must be given to Miss Manly's "Southern Literature," Miss Rutherford's "American Authors," and many private correspondents. Additions and corrections are solicited from any persons who have accurate information.—EDITOR.]

ALLEN, JAMES LANE, born near Lexington, Kentucky, 185—, was a student and afterwards a teacher in Transylvania University. He has won a national reputation by his short stories of Kentucky life.

ALLSTON, WASHINGTON, South Carolina, 1799–1843, was educated at the North and on account of his health, and spent much time abroad. He is the greatest American painter of his age, and sometimes is denominated "The American Titian." Published a volume of poems; a satire, "Two Painters;" and a story, "Monaldi."

ANDREWS, MISS ELIZA FLETCHER, Washington, Georgia, 1847, has written poetry, and newspaper letters, and is now teacher in Wesleyan Female College, Milledgeville, Georgia, first chartered female college of the world.

ANDREWS, MAUDE. See

AVARY, MRS. MYRTA L. Virginia, 186—, has written largely for periodicals in Atlanta, Georgia. Resides

BACON, MISS JULIA, Macon, Georgia, 185-, is a lineal descendant of the "Jamestown Rebel," Nathaniel Bacon. Has written stories and poems for various periodicals. Resides in Beaumont, Texas.

BARBE, WAITMAN, Morgantown, West Virginia, 1864, has published a book of verses, "Ashes and Incense" (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia), which has met with great favor from the critics and the public.

BECK, MISS LEONORA, Georgia, 186-, has written short stories and poems, collected under the title, "Star-Heights."

BERRYHILL, S. NEWTON, Columbus, Mississippi, 1830-1888, was all his life a cripple from paralysis. He wrote much on political topics of the day, and published a book of verses, "Backwoods Poems."

BLECKLEY, LOGAN E., Georgia, 1827, is an eminent lawyer, and ex-Judge of Supreme Court of Georgia.

BONER, JOHN H., North Carolina, 1845, poet, critic, editor, now resides in New York City.

BRENNAN, JOSEPH, born in Ireland, 1829, was compelled to leave that country on account of connection with revolutionary movements in 1848. He found an exile's home in New Orleans, where he engaged in newspaper work until his death, about 1858.

BRINGHURST, MRS. NETTIE (HOUSTON), Texas, is the daughter of General Sam Houston.

BROCK, SALLIE A. See *Putnam*.

BRUNS, JOHN DICKSON, Charleston, South Carolina, 1836-1883, was M.D. of Charleston College, and Professor in New Orleans School of Medicine. Poems not collected. *Morituri Salutamus* was written at the request of the Mississippi Medical Association in 1879.

BRYAN, MRS. MARY (EDWARDS), Florida, 1846, novelist, poet, and editor. Resides in Atlanta, Georgia.

BUTLER, WILLIAM ORLANDO, Kentucky, 1793-1880, attorney-at-law, was a soldier in the war of 1812, and Major-General in the Mexican War.

CARUTHERS, MISS JEANNETTE, Savannah, Georgia, published, in connection with her sister and a friend, a little book of poems, entitled "Three Friends' Fancies." She afterwards married Mr. Peeples, of South Carolina, and died in 188—.

CAWEIN, MADISON JULIUS, Louisville, Kentucky, 1865, has published eight volumes of poems, of which the latest (Putnam, New York, 1894) is entitled, "Intimations of the Beautiful."

CHARLTON, ROBERT MILLEDGE, Savannah, Georgia, 1807–1854, was a brilliant member of the bar, judge of the Superior Court at the age of twenty-seven, and subsequently mayor of his native city and United States senator from Georgia. His poems were published in book form in 1838.

CLARKE, JOHN ARCHER, Charles City County, Virginia, 1832–1862, was a lawyer and poet.

CLARKE, MRS. MARY BAYARD (DEVEREUX), Raleigh, North Carolina, 1830, wrote a volume of poems, "Mosses from a Rolling Stone," and various letters and novelettes for Southern periodicals under the name of "Tenella." She has died within the last few years.

COLEMAN, CHARLES WASHINGTON, Richmond, Virginia, 1862, has written much verse for standard periodicals.

COLQUITT, MRS. MEL R., Augusta, Georgia, 1848, contributes prose and verse to periodicals. Resides in Washington, D.C.

COOKE, JOHN ESTEN, Winchester, Virginia, 1830–1886, was a lawyer, and a soldier in the Confederate service. He wrote many novels of Virginia life, of which the best known are, "The Virginia Comedians," "Surry of Eagle's Nest," and "Mohun."

COOKE, PHILIP PENDLETON, Martinsburg, Virginia, 1816–1850, elder brother of John Esten, wrote stories and poems, but is chiefly remembered by the one lyric, "Flour-ence Vane."

CUTTER, GEO. WASHINGTON, born in Massachusetts, 1809, lived many years in Kentucky, and commanded a company of Kentuckians in the Mexican War. Died in Washington, D.C., in 1865.

DANDRIDGE, MRS. DANSKE, daughter of Henry Bedinger, American minister to Denmark, was born in Copenhagen in 1861. Since her marriage, in 1877, she has resided in Shepherdstown, West Virginia. She has published a book of verse, "Joy and other Poems."

DAVIS, MOLLIE EVELYN (MOORE), Alabama, 1852, spent her youth in Texas, but now lives in New Orleans. As Mollie E. Moore she published a book of poems in 1872, and since her marriage has gained reputation as a writer of fiction. She is the author of "Keren-Happuch," "In War-Time," and many shorter stories. Her latest work is a novel, "Under the Man-Fig" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1895).

DICKSON, SAMUEL HENRY, South Carolina, 1798-1872, physician and poet, published a volume of poems and several medical works.

DINNIES, MRS. ANNA PEYRE (SHACKLEFORD), Georgetown, South Carolina, 1816-1886, spent the last forty years of her life in New Orleans. She wrote many poems, most of them under the name of "Moïna," afterwards used by "Father Ryan."

DOWNING, MRS. FANNY MURDAUGH, Virginia, 1835-1894, wrote "Nameless," "Pluto," "Legend of Catawba," and other poems and stories.

DUKE, R. T. W., Charlottesville, Virginia, 1853, is jurist and poet.

DUMAS, WILLIAM T., Barnesville, Georgia, 1858, poet and educator, has published a volume of verse, "The Golden Day."

EASTER, MRS. MARGUERITE E., author of "Clytie and Other Poems," resided in Baltimore, Maryland, where she died a few years ago.

EDWARDS, HARRY STILWELL, Macon, Georgia, 1854, is a journalist, poet, and author of stories published in many periodicals.

EVE, MISS MARIA LOUISE, Augusta, Georgia, 1848, has written several poems of note. For "Conquered at Last" she was awarded the prize offered by the *Mobile News* for a poem expressing the gratitude of the South for aid rendered by Northern cities during the yellow fever epidemic of 1878.

FLASH, HENRY LYNDEN, Ohio, 1835, spent his childhood and youth in New Orleans. He served in the Confederate army, and subsequently became an editor in Macon, Georgia. Since the war he has engaged in business in New Orleans and Galveston, and now resides in Los Angeles, California.

FOLSOM, MONTGOMERY M., Georgia, 1857, is a journalist and poet.

FONTAINE, LAMAR, Texas, 183-, major in the Confederate army, is believed to have written "All Quiet along the Potomac To-night." It was, however, first published in *Harper's Weekly*, and is claimed by Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers, of New York.

FORD, THOMAS B., Kentucky, has written dramatic and lyric poetry and several novels. He resides at Frankfort.

FRENCH, MRS. L. VIRGINIA (SMITH), Virginia, 1825-1881, wrote numerous sketches and poems over the signature of "L'Inconnu." Later, she published a volume of poems, "Wind Whispers," a tragedy, and several novels. (See *Meriwether*.)

GASTON, WILLIAM, New-Berne, North Carolina, 1778-1844, was Judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina,

and author of "The Old North State Forever," which has been adopted as the State anthem.

GORDON, ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL, Virginia, 1853, lawyer and poet, writes in dialect, and has published a book, "Befo' de War," in conjunction with Thomas Nelson Page.

GRAYSON, WILLIAM J., Beaufort, South Carolina, 1788-1863, poet and statesman, wrote several long poems, of which "The Hireling and the Slave," which contrasts ractory life with that of a plantation, is best known.

GWYN, MRS. LAURA (McCLANAHAN), Greenville, South Carolina, 1832, published a volume of poems in 1860, and has continued to write.

HARNEY, WILL WALLACE, Indiana, 1831, is of Kentucky parentage, and was brought up in that State. He has been lawyer, teacher, and journalist, and now resides in Florida.

HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER ("Uncle Remus"), Eatonton, Georgia, 1848, has published half a dozen books of stories in negro dialect. Any one of them would have made him famous. He is one of the editors of the *Atlanta Constitution*.

HAWKS, FRANCIS LISTER, North Carolina, 1789-1866, clergyman, wrote a history of North Carolina and several ecclesiastical works.

HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON, Charleston, South Carolina, 1830-1886, has been called the "Laureate of the South." He was reared by his uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, and studied law, but never practised. He served in the Confederate army, and was financially ruined by the war. For twenty years before his death he made his home at Copse Hill, near Augusta, Georgia.

HAYNE, WILLIAM HAMILTON, son of Paul H., Charleston, South Carolina, 1856, has published a volume entitled "Sylvan Lyrics" (F. A. Stokes, New York).

HENDERSON, PHILO, North Carolina, 1822-1852, was the author of many fugitive poems, and editor of a paper called *The Hornet's Nest*, in Charlotte, North Carolina. "The Isle of Long Ago" has been often imitated and even claimed by other writers.

HENDREE, WILLIAM WOODSON, Selma, Alabama, 1851-1872, wrote much and well during his short life.

HENING, ELIZA LEWIS, Virginia, 1806, daughter of the eminent jurist, William Waller Hening, wrote the well-known "Lines on Old Blandford Church," while visiting Petersburg, Virginia, with a party of friends about 1820. The lines were originally signed "Stranger." Complete evidence of Miss Hening's claim has been furnished by her niece, Miss E. V. Swann, Trenholm, Virginia. Miss Hening was married first to Mr. Spotswood, of Virginia, and afterwards to Rev. J. F. Schermerhorn, of New York. She died in 1872.

HILL, MRS. MARY (CARTER), 186-1890, was the daughter-in-law of Benjamin H. Hill. Her poem, "The River," was written to commemorate the sufferings and death of the latter.

HILL, THEOPHILUS HUNTER, North Carolina, 1836, editor, has published three volumes of verse, the first of which, "Hesper and Other Poems," was the first book copyrighted by the Confederate government.

HOLCOMBE, WILLIAM HENRY, M.D., Virginia, 1825, resided for many years in Louisiana, and has published a number of books, medical, psychological, and poetical.

HOPE, JAMES BARRON, Norfolk, Virginia, 1829-1887, was a lawyer, soldier, and editor. By invitation of Congress, he delivered at the Yorktown Centennial a metrical address, "Arms and the Man," from which the extract, "Washington," is taken. He published three volumes of verse and a novel. His poems have recently been collected in one volume by his daughter, Mrs. J. B. Hope-Marr (West, Johnson & Co., Richmond).

HUBNER, CHARLES W., Baltimore, Maryland, 1835, journalist and poet, has resided in Atlanta since 1870. He is the author of several books of poems, dramatic and lyrical, and many essays.

JACKSON, HENRY ROOTES, Athens, Georgia, 1820, soldier, orator, poet, and jurist, was colonel in the Mexican War, when "My Wife and Child" was written, and major-general in the Civil War. He has contributed much to periodicals and published a volume of poems. Resides in Savannah.

JAY, HAMILTON, New Jersey, 1846, journalist and poet, has been a citizen of Jacksonville, Florida, for many years.

JEFFREY, MRS. ROSA VERTNER JOHNSON, *née* GRIFFITH, Mississippi, 1828, poet and novelist, died in Kentucky in 1894.

JOHNSTON, WILLIAM PRESTON, Louisville, Kentucky, 1831, is the son of General Albert Sidney Johnston. He was colonel in the Confederate army, and has since been noted as an educator, essayist, and biographer. He published a book of poems, "My Garden Walk," in 1895. Since 1883 he has been president of Tulane University, New Orleans. "The Thane's Answer" is the reply of a Saxon noble to a Christian missionary.

JOSSELYN, ROBERT, Massachusetts, 1810, was admitted to the bar in Virginia in 1831. He emigrated to Mississippi, and served under Jefferson Davis in the Mexican War. He was for a short time President Davis's private secretary. After the war he resided at Austin, Texas. He published three volumes of verse and many fugitive poems which are rarely credited to their author.

JOUVENAT, MRS. M. M., Sherman, Texas, 185-, has contributed many poems to the periodical press.

KETCHUM, MRS. ANNIE (CHAMBERS) BRADFORD, Kentucky, 1824, has published two volumes of poems and several novels.

KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT, Maryland, 1779-1843, spent nearly all his life in Washington City. His immortal song was composed on board a British ship in Baltimore harbor, in 1814. Mr. Key had visited the British vessel to procure the release of a friend, and was not allowed to depart until after the attack on Fort McHenry. The bombardment ceased during the night, and he did not know whether the fort had surrendered until morning showed him the star-spangled banner still waving over the battlements. It was then that he wrote the words, on the back of an old envelope.

LAMAR, MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE, Louisville, Georgia, 1798-1859, emigrated to Texas in 1835, and was the second of the four presidents Texas had before she became a member of the United States. His volume of poems is entitled, "Verse Memorials."

LANIER, CLIFFORD ANDERSON, Macon, Georgia, 1844, is the younger brother of Sidney Lanier. He has published novels, poems, and essays. He now resides in Alabama.

LANIER, SIDNEY, Macon, Georgia, 1842-1881, was educated at Oglethorpe College, Georgia, and served in the Confederate army during the war. He afterwards studied and practised law in Macon, but in 1873 removed to Baltimore, and devoted himself to music and literature. Here he played the flute in the Peabody concerts and was lecturer on English literature in Johns Hopkins University. He struggled with consumption for fifteen years, and died among the mountains of North Carolina, whither he had gone in search of health. He wrote one novel, "Tiger Lilies," also "The Science of English Verse," "The English Novel," and several books for boys, besides his "Poems" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). An admirable memoir, by William Hayes Ward, is prefixed to the "Poems."

LEGARÉ, JAMES MATHEWS, South Carolina, 1823-1859, published a book of poems, "Orta-Undis."

LIPSCOMB, ANDREW ADGATE, D.D., Georgetown, D. C., 1816-1890, was chancellor of the University of Georgia for fourteen years. He wrote essays, poems, and criticisms, but is best known by his "Studies in the Forty Days."

LOGAN, MISS MARGARET ANN, Charleston, South Carolina, 185-, resides in Vicksburg, Mississippi. She has written many letters, etc., for New Orleans papers, and published a book of verse, "Sweet Alyssum."

LOVEMAN, ROBERT, Cleveland, Ohio, 1869, has lived in Dalton, Georgia, from early childhood. He contributes to many periodicals, and has published a book of poems.

MCCABE, WILLIAM GORDON, Virginia, 1841, was a captain in the Confederate army. Is now Head Master of University School, Petersburg, Virginia.

MALONE, MRS. SALLIE ADA (VANCE), Reedy, Mississippi, 184-, has been a fluent and popular writer of verse for periodicals. She now resides in Arkansas.

MALONE, WALTER, Mississippi, 1866, has published three books of verse, of which the latest is "Songs of Dusk and Dawn" (Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo). He now resides in Memphis, Tennessee.

MARSHALL, MRS. ANNIE WARREN, Louisville, Kentucky, 185-, has written only fugitive pieces. She resides in New Mexico.

MEEK, ALEXANDER BEAUFORT, Columbia, South Carolina, 1814-1865, was educated and resided in Alabama. He was lawyer, statesman, and journalist, and in his later years historian, as well as poet.

MERIWETHER, MRS. LIDE (SMITH), Virginia, 1829, has spent nearly all her life in Memphis, Tennessee, where she has been active in many social and charitable movements. Her poems, with those of her sister, Mrs. L. Vir-

ginia French, have been published under the title, "One or Two?"

MILLER, MISS ELVIRA SYDNOR, Virginia, 186-, poet and journalist, has made her home in Louisville, Kentucky. When very young, she published a book of verse, "Songs of the Heart." She is now a favorite writer in the Louisville *Times*.

MOORE, MOLLIE E. See *Davis*.

NICHOLSON, ELIZA (POITEVENT) ("Pearl Rivers"), Mississippi, 1849-1896, owner and editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, was the first woman in the world to own, manage, and publish a great daily paper. She wrote verses at intervals, and published a volume of "Lyrics."

O'HARA, THEODORE, Danville, Kentucky, 1820-1867, soldier, poet, and journalist, served with distinction in the Mexican and Civil Wars. He died in Columbus, Georgia. In 1873, by order of the Legislature of Kentucky, his remains were brought to Frankfort and buried with military honors in the same State cemetery in which his comrades of the Mexican War had been reinterred. It was to commemorate that reinterment, in 1847, that he had written "The Bivouac of the Dead." He wrote nothing else of note except a similar elegiac poem, "A Dirge for the Brave Old Pioneer."

OHL, MRS. MAUDE (ANDREWS), Atlanta, Georgia, poet and journalist, is a favorite writer in the Atlanta *Constitution*.

O'MALLEY, CHARLES J., Kentucky, 1857, is of Irish descent, and related to the poet-priest, Father Ryan. He is an editor, and has written much for leading periodicals. Has published a book, "The Building of the Moon, and Other Poems."

PAGE, THOMAS NELSON, Virginia, 1853, lawyer and author, is famous for his stories in the Virginia negro dia-

lect. His poems, with those of A. C. Gordon, have been published under the title, "Befo' de War" (Scribner, 1893).

PALMER, JOHN WILLIAMSON, Maryland, 1825, has written novels and poetry. He resides in Baltimore.

PECK, SAMUEL MINTURN, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, 1854, is a favorite writer of society verse. Has published three volumes, "Cap and Bells," "Rings and Love-Knots," "Rhymes and Roses" (F. A. Stokes, New York).

PIATT, MRS. SALLIE MORGAN (BRYAN), Kentucky, 1856, is the grand-daughter of Morgan Bryan, one of the early settlers of Kentucky, who came with Daniel Boone from North Carolina. Since her marriage she has lived in Washington, D. C., and in Ohio. Her husband is now United States Consul at Kingstown, Ireland. Of her numerous volumes of poems the latest is "The Witch in the Glass" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1889).

PIKE, ALBERT, Boston, Massachusetts, 1809-1891, resided in Arkansas from early manhood. He served in the Mexican War, and was brigadier-general in the Confederate army. Editor and lawyer, he wrote both prose and poetry, the former chiefly on the subject of Freemasonry. His personal character was high, and his friends many and devoted.

PINCKNEY, EDWARD COATE, London, England, 1802, was born while his father, William Pinckney, was minister to St. James. His life was spent in Maryland, where he died in 1828.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN, 1809, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, while his parents were filling a theatrical engagement there. His father was from Baltimore, Maryland, a son of General David Poe, who served his country in 1776 and 1812. The poet, early left an orphan, was adopted and educated by Mr. John Allan, of Richmond, Virginia. He was connected at different times with nearly all the American literary periodicals of his day. His unhappy

life was full of errors, and ended sadly in Baltimore, 1849. The teachers of that city have erected a monument over his grave. He wrote stories, criticisms, and essays on various subjects. His collected works fill no less than ten volumes.

PRENTICE, GEORGE DENISON, Connecticut, 1802-1870, emigrated to Kentucky in early life, and became identified with journalism in Louisville. He will always be remembered with gratitude as having done more than any other one man to encourage Southern authorship. A life-size statue of him in marble stands above the entrance to the *Courier-Journal* building in Louisville.

PRESTON, MRS. MARGARET (JUNKIN), Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1825, is the daughter of Dr. George Junkin, who went to Lexington, Virginia, as President of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), in 1848, and was succeeded in that office by Robert E. Lee. Though a Virginian only by adoption, Mrs. Preston is truly a Southerner at heart. She has written a novel, "Silverwood," a book of travels, "A Handful of Monographs," and five books of verse on many subjects, of which the latest is "Colonial Ballads" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1887). She is now living in Baltimore.

PUTNAM, MRS. SALLIE A. (BROCK), Virginia, 1845, author of several books and compilations.

RAGSDALE, MISS LULAH, Brookhaven, Mississippi, 186-, has published a novel, "A Shadow's Shadow," and will soon have in press a book of poems.

RANDALL, JAMES RYDER, Baltimore, Maryland, 1843 was educated in Georgetown, D. C., from whence he went to take a professorship in Poydras College, Pointe Coupée, Louisiana, where he wrote "My Maryland" one night in 1861. He has been engaged in journalism since the war, and now resides in Baltimore.

REESE, MISS LIZETTE WOODWORTH, Maryland, 186-, has published two volumes of poems, the latest of which

is "A Handful of Lavender" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1893).

REID, CHRISTIAN. See *Tiernan*.

REQUIER, AUGUSTUS JULIAN, Charleston, South Carolina, 1825-1887, jurist and poet, spent the greater part of his life in Alabama. He wrote both dramatic and lyric poetry, published in book-form.

RICHARDSON, W. C., Kentucky, 1823, removed to Alabama in 1839. He has written both prose and verse for many periodicals, and has published a poetical romance, entitled "Gaspar." He is a professor in the University of Alabama.

RIVERS, REV. WILLIAM PENN, Augusta, Georgia, 1827, has written much for religious papers.

RUSSELL, IRWIN, Port Gibson, Mississippi, 1853-1879, was, according to Joel Chandler Harris, "among the first, if not the very first, to appreciate the literary possibilities of the negro character." His poems have been collected and printed in book-form since his death (Century Company, New York).

RYAN, ABRAM JOSEPH ("Father Ryan"), Norfolk, Virginia, 1834 (?), was a Roman Catholic priest known throughout the South. He lived by turns in several Southern cities, and died in Louisville in 1886. "The Conquered Banner" and "The Sword of Robert Lee" are printed here by permission of P. J. Kennedy, New York, publisher of Ryan's poems.

SASS, GEORGE HERBERT, Charleston, South Carolina, 1845, is a lawyer. He has contributed poems to all the leading magazines, and is also an able critic.

SHAW, JOHN, M.D., Maryland, 1778-1809, published a book of poems.

SHINDLER, MRS. MARY S. B. DANA, *née* PALMER, South Carolina, 1810, published several books of poems, many of which were set to music.

SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE, Charleston, South Carolina, 1806-1870, studied law, but devoted his life to authorship. He produced almost every species of writing, but is best known by his novels of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods of American history. He also wrote many volumes of verse, all now out of print.

STANTON, FRANK LEBBY, Charleston, South Carolina, 1858, has lived in Georgia from childhood. He is the poet of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and has published two volumes, "Songs of a Day" and "Songs of the Soil" (D. Appleton & Co.).

STANTON, HENRY T., Kentucky, 1834, editor, soldier, and poet, and now popular lecturer, has published two books of verse.

STOCKARD, HENRY JEROME, North Carolina, 1858, contributes to nearly all the leading magazines.

TABB, JOHN B. ("Father Tabb"), Virginia, 1845, has for some years occupied a professorship in St. Charles College, Maryland. He has published a volume of poems (Copeland & Day, 1895).

TALLEY, SUSAN ARCHER. See *Weiss*.

THOMPSON, JOHN REUBEN, Richmond, Virginia, 1823-1873, was educated at the University of Virginia, and studied law, but turned his whole attention to literature, and for twelve years edited the *Southern Literary Messenger*. He wrote both prose and poetry for that and other periodicals.

THOMPSON, MAURICE, Fairfield, Indiana, 1844, spent his youth and early manhood in Kentucky and Georgia, and served in the Confederate army. He now lives in Crawfordville, Indiana. Has written novels and short stories, besides his "Poems" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

TICKNOR, FRANCIS ORRERY, M.D., Georgia, 1822-1874, published a volume of poems.

TIERNAN, MRS. FRANCES (FISHER) ("Christian Reid"),

Salisbury, North Carolina, has written a number of popular novels. Since her marriage, in 1887, she has resided in Mexico.

TIMROD, HENRY, Charleston, South Carolina, 1829-1867, studied law, but never practised, and was teacher and editor as well as poet. Ill-health and poverty saddened his short life. His complete poems were published in 1873, with a memoir by Paul Hayne.

TIMROD, WILLIAM HENRY, South Carolina, 1792-1833, was a self-educated genius, and father of the poet, Henry Timrod.

TOWNSEND, MRS. MARY ASHLEY (VAN VOORHIS) ("Xariffa") Lyons, New York, has resided in New Orleans since her marriage in 1856. She has published three volumes of verse, of which the latest is "Distaff and Spindle," a collection of sonnets.

TUCKER, ST. GEORGE, born in the Bermudas, 1752-1828, was the step-father of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He was a distinguished jurist in Virginia, and published legal as well as poetical works.

WARFIELD, MRS. CATHERINE ANNE (WARE), Natchez, Mississippi, 1816-1877, wrote several novels, of which "The Household of Bouverie" is best known. She published, in connection with her sister, Mrs. Lee, two volumes of poems.

WATSON, MRS. ANNAH ROBERTSON (TAYLOR), was born near Louisville, Kentucky, and resides in Memphis. Her essays and poems have appeared in many leading magazines.

WATSON, ASA ROGERS, Virginia, 1837, lived in Georgia from early manhood, and edited various journals.

WEISS, MRS. SUSAN ARCHER (TALLEY), Richmond, Virginia, 183-, has published a volume of poems, and has others in MS. She has also contributed largely in prose to periodicals.

WELBY, MRS. AMELIA B. (COPPUCK), St. Michael's, Maryland, 1819, removed to Kentucky in 1834. "Poems by Amelia" came out in 1845, and has gone through more than twenty editions. She died in Louisville, 1852.

WILDE, RICHARD HENRY, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1789, but came to America, to Maryland, when a boy of nine, and soon afterwards removed to Augusta, Georgia. He practised law and held several public offices, being sent to Congress from Georgia. He spent several years in Europe, and became very proficient in Italian literature. In 1843 he removed to New Orleans, where he died in 1847.

WILSON, ROBERT BURNS, Pennsylvania, 1850, removed in early life to Frankfort, Kentucky, where he still resides. He devotes much attention to painting, but is known by his poems. He has published two volumes, "Life and Love" and "The Woodland Spirit."

YOUNG, EDWARD, Bristol, England, 1818, came to America in childhood, and spent the rest of his life in the South. He has published a volume of poems, "The Ladye Lilian."



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